

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XVIII.

AUGUST, 1891.

NO. 10.

A RHYME OF ROBIN PUCK.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.

HOWSOE'ER the tale be spread,
Puck, the pranksome, is not dead.

At such tidings of mishap,
Any breeze-blown columbine
Would but toss a scarlet cap,—
Would but laugh, with shaken head,
"Trust it not, do not repine,
Puck, the pranksome, is not dead!"
If you know not what to think,
Ask the tittering bobolink;
Straightway shall the answer rise
Bubbling from his gleeful breast:
"Dead? 'T is but his latest jest!
Robin Puck, the wild and wise,
Frolics on, and never dies!"

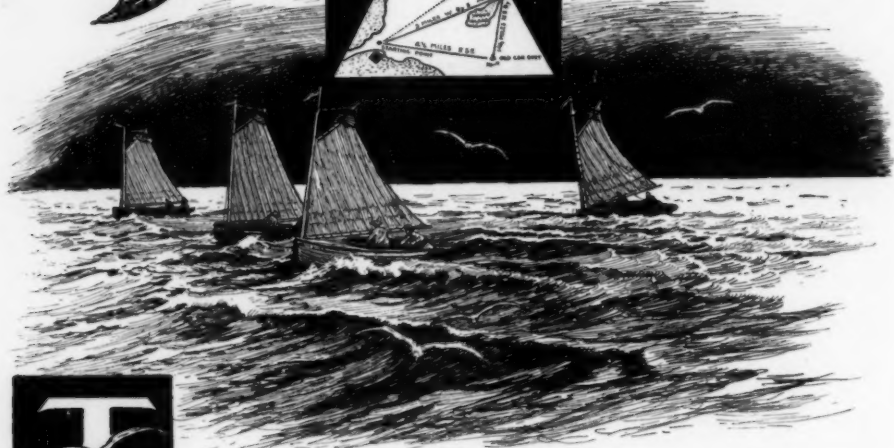
Had we but the elfin sight,
On some pleasant summer night
We should see him and his crew
In the fields that gleam with dew;
Had we but the elfin ear
(Pointed sharply like a leaf),
In the meadows we should hear
Fairy pipings, fine and brief,
Shrilled through throats of tiniest flowers;
Would that subtler sense were ours!

Tricksy Puck! I shall not tell
How it is I know him well.
Swift yet clumsy, plump yet wee,
Brown as hazel-nut is he;
And from either temple springs
Such a waving, hair-like horn
As by butterflies is worn;
Glassy-clear his glistening wings,
Like the small green-bodied flies'
In the birch-woods; and his eyes,
Set aslant, as blackly shine
As the myriad globes wherein
The wild blackberry keeps her wine;
And his voice is piercing thin,
But he changes that at will—
Mocking rogue!—with birdlike skill.
How it is I must not tell,
But you see I know him well.

Ah! with some rare, secret spell
Should we bathe in moonlit dew
Eyes that this world's book have read,
We should see him and his crew
In the dreamy summer dell:
For, howe'er the tale be spread,
Puck, the pranksome, is not dead!

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FOUR SIDES to a TRIANGLE.



BY CHARLES R. TALBOT.

THE race was to be a triangular one; the starting point off Ruggles's wharf; thence two miles and a half E. S. E. to Old Can Buoy; thence one and three-quarters miles, N. E. by N., around Wood Island; and then three miles W. by S., straight home again. It was to be sailed by the Quinnebaug Catboat Club, a youthful organization of the town of Quinnebaug, consisting of six catboats with their respective owners and crews, and having a constitution, a commodore, a club-house, and a club-signal, all its own. The prizes were given by the bishop's daughter. They were an elegant yachting ensign for the boat first in, and a brass compass set in a rosewood box for the second. The boys were enthusiastic over the prospect. There was not one of them, commodore, captain, or crew, but believed that the boat he sailed in would take either first or second prize.

Phil Carr and Horace Martin stopped at the bishop's cottage on the way down to the wharf, the morning of the race, to take a last look at the prizes. Miss Maitland herself was on the porch as they came up. Miss Maitland was a

very beautiful young lady who came every summer to Quinnebaug with her father, the bishop. She took a warm interest in the affairs of the catboat club. She went into the cottage with Phil and Homer, and once more the ensign and compass were examined and admired.

"I only wish I might see this at the peak of the 'Nameless,'" said Phil, with the bunting in his hand. He spoke with the least bit of a sigh. The Nameless was a good boat; but, alas! there was one boat in the club, the "Flash," that up to this time had been able to show herself a better. It was to this fact that Phil owed it that Clarence Caldwell and not he himself was commodore of the club.

"I am sure I wish you might," said Miss Maitland, heartily.

Phil was a favorite with her, and there was no boy in the club to whom she would rather have awarded the prize.

"I shall try my best," said Phil.

Then Miss Maitland took from the table and held up before the boys what she laughingly informed them was a third prize, a large tin watch with a leather chain.

"This is given by my Uncle Poindexter,"

said she. "He has come down here to deliver a lecture for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. You know he is full of fun. This is one of his jokes. It's a booby prize for the boat that comes in last."

"The Nameless won't take that, at any rate," Phil declared stoutly. "Will she, Horace?"

"No," said Horace emphatically, "the Nameless won't take that."

There were things that the Nameless could n't do. She could n't come in last at a race.

The day of the great race came.

Down at the wharf quite a number of people had assembled, and the boats were already preparing for the start. The Nameless was quickly among them, with Phil at the helm and Horace close at hand, ready and alert at the slightest hint to do his captain's bidding. Presently the first gun was fired from the judge's boat, and the boats, all under way now, began standing about, each with the purpose of crossing the starting line at the earliest possible moment. Then, as the final minute drew near, one after another, as each found itself in position, they sprang away across the line. *Bang!* from the tug went the second signal; and the race was begun.

It was anybody's race for the first stretch. The wind was free, and good sailing was easy for everybody. The boats, all six, were still keeping well together as they rounded the Old Can Buoy.

From that point on, however, things were different. The breeze was forward now; and presently, with Wood Island to keep it off, there was less of it. There was a chance for maneuvering. You could make long tacks or short ones; you could lay a boat close to the wind or could keep her off; and the sailing qualities of both crafts and skippers were put more severely to the test. It soon became apparent, on this windward stretch, which were the better boats of the fleet. Two of them, before long, had drawn well ahead of the other four and seemed to be making up a match between themselves. They were the Flash and the Nameless. Phil Carr's eye sparkled and his heart beat quicker as he realized the fact. This was what he wanted; indeed, it was what he had expected. He had believed all along that the two boats destined to take

those two prizes were his own and Clarence Caldwell's. He had felt sure that the Nameless would get the second prize at least. But he intended her to take the first. And as he sat there, the tiller in one hand and the sheet in the other, and felt his boat draw and spring beneath him, Phil resolved that she should take the first. The Flash was not a better boat than the Nameless. Certainly, Clarence Caldwell was not a better sailor than he. And if pluck and skill and watchfulness could do anything, he meant to be in first at the finish, and not second.

The Flash weathered the north point of Wood Island first, however, and, standing on a few moments beyond it to make sure of deep water, was first to turn westward for the home stretch. But the Nameless was not far behind her; and Phil, as he cleared the island, noted a condition of things that more than counterbalanced the distance between the two boats. The wind had shifted, around here. The run home would be straight before it. Moreover it was blowing harder. Now, as it happened, this state of things was exactly what the Nameless wanted and what the Flash did not want. With the wind aft and plenty of it, the Nameless was always at her best and the Flash at her worst. Phil Carr's heart swelled exultantly as he slackened his own sheet and headed his boat homeward. Well he knew that long before that three-mile stretch was ended he would overhaul his rival and leave him behind.

Five minutes later it seemed clear that Phil's hopes would be realized. They were certainly overtaking the Flash. The gestures of the boys on board the latter boat could now be plainly discerned. Phil gaily declared that he could see their faces grow long at the prospect of being beaten. Presently a stir was observable on board the Flash, and then Commodore Caldwell was seen to be looking very intently through a pair of field-glasses at something off to the northward.

"There's nothing over there but Highwater Rock," said Phil. "What's he looking at Highwater Rock for?"

"Perhaps he wants to know about the tide," Horace suggested.

It was a well-known fact among the boys that the state of the tide could be at any time almost

exactly determined by a look at Highwater Rock. The rock was all out of water at low tide, and was just covered from sight at high tide. It was from this fact that it got its name. It lay half a mile or so northward of where the boats now were and could be plainly seen, although only a foot or so of it was now above water. The tide was nearly in.

"Humph!" said Phil in answer to Horace's suggestion; "he would n't need a pair of opera-glasses to see the tide with. No," he added, after a moment, "he 's looking at something on the rock. What can it be? It looks like a bird or something. Hand me the spy-glass, will you?"

So Horace brought the spy-glass from where it hung in the companionway, and Phil, giving Horace the tiller, opened it, carefully adjusted it to a mark on the barrel, and then leveled it in the direction of the rock. He had hardly done so when he uttered an exclamation:

"Why," cried he, "it 's a cat!"

"A cat!" repeated Horace in astonishment. "How came a cat on Highwater Rock?"

"I don't know," Phil answered, still looking through his glass. "But it 's a cat, sure. Somebody 's left it there to get rid of it, maybe."

"Well, they 've taken a sure way," said Horace. "The rock will be all under water in half an hour."

"Poor thing!" murmured Phil in a pitying tone. The glass brought the cat so near that it almost seemed the victim might hear him. "It 's too bad. I 'd stop and pick you up, if I was n't sailing a race."

They stood on several minutes, still watching the cat with interest. It seemed too bad to leave her there. But what could be done?

"I vow!" exclaimed Phil at last. "I think Clarence Caldwell might run over there and take her off."

He spoke in an irritated tone. Possibly his own conscience was pricking him a little.

"I don't see why *he* should do it any more than we should," observed Horace simply.

"I do," declared Phil. "He 's going to lose the race, anyway; and it won't make so much difference to him."

Horace shook his head. "I don't believe he will look at it in that way," said he.

It would seem that the owner of the Flash did *not* look at it in that way, for he still stood on. And the Nameless stood on after him. But Phil still looked anxiously now and then at the cat. And presently he took to looking aft, too, where the four other boats could now be seen coming round the island.

Perhaps some of them would go over and get the cat. There was no reason they should not; they could n't win the race.

But the minutes passed and the boats held on; and (although they must have seen her) not one of them showed any signs of turning aside to go to the rescue of the cat. Phil disgustedly gave them up at last, every one of them, as cases of utter, incurable heartlessness.

Then he looked over at the cat again. He almost fancied he could hear the poor creature's cries as the water rose about her. He turned his eyes away. He would not look at her. But he could not help thinking of her.

Then, all in an instant, he jumped to his feet, shoved over his tiller and began hauling in his sheet. The boat came up to the wind and in another moment, with her sheet trimmed well aft, the Nameless was running off at a sharp angle from her former course.

"Well!" uttered Horace in blank amazement, "what 's that for, I should like to know? What are you going to do?"

"I 'm going after that cat," answered Phil grimly. And that was all he said.

At the "finish" of the race, the Flash came in first, still making good her claim to being the best boat in the club. Commodore Caldwell proudly kissed his hand, as amid plaudits from the shore and the waving of gay-hued parasols and handkerchiefs he shot across the line and his time was taken.

The "Prancer" came next, not so very far behind, winner of second place. Then followed, one after the other, the "Winsome," the "*Jolie*," and the "Black-Eyed Susan."

And last, with her colors union down in comic token of distress, came the Nameless. Phil's friends greeted him laughingly as he and Horace came up the steps of the wharf.

"Hallo, Phil," they cried, "brought 'em all back with you this time, eh?"

"Yes," answered Phil laughing too. "We carried everything before us this time."

Then, with the cat under his arm, he went up to the bishop's to get his tin watch. Phil had no notion of being ashamed of himself because he had been beaten. He was not sorry for what he had done.

There was a gathering of the guests on the bishop's lawn, where there were to be refreshments, and the awarding of the prizes.

Maitland's uncle, came forward holding a paste-board box. Mr. Poindexter was a quaint, wiry little gentleman with a nervous manner and a quick, jerky way of speaking. His jokes always sounded funny whether they were so or not. Phil bit his lip and felt that his time had come.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Mr. Poindexter began in a comically impressive tone, "I believe that watches or chronometers are generally considered indispensable on board ship."



"'WHY' CRIED PHIL, 'IT 'S A CAT!'"

Miss Maitland herself conferred the first two prizes, speaking a few appropriate words to the winners as she did so. Phil Carr's heart throbbed rebelliously as he saw Clarence Caldwell receive and bear away the yachting ensign. Phil had wanted that ensign dreadfully, and he knew that "by good rights" he ought to have it. But he was glad that Dave Comstock took the second prize, which Dave could not have done had the Nameless kept her course.

Then, after a moment, Mr. Poindexter, Miss

Then he took the tin watch from the box and held it up to view. There was a burst of good-natured merriment from the audience. They understood that this was the booby prize.

"I suppose they are needed," continued the speaker, "to keep the ship from being behind time." At this there was more merriment. Then he added facetiously, "I don't know whether this is the starboard watch or the port watch or the dog watch. Perhaps it is the anchor watch." Whereupon those who were



"AND LAST CAME THE NAMELESS."

listening laughed more than ever; all except Phil, who did not feel like seeing anything funny about it at all.

Then Mr. Poindexter's manner suddenly became graver.

"But before I call upon the young gentleman who has won this valuable prize to come forward and receive it, I wish to show you its works," said he, "and to tell you a little story about it."

Mr. Poindexter, as he spoke these words, touched a spring in the case of the watch, which, flying open, disclosed a bright object within. This object he took out and held up to view by itself. It was a beautiful gold watch and chain. The audience gazed at it in silent wonder, Phil Carr more amazed and mystified than all the rest.

"You all know," continued Mr. Poindexter, smiling, "that I am a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. That is my hobby, people say. And I am quite content that they should call it so, if they like. Certainly, the objects which that society has in view commend themselves to me, and I think so

well of them that I do everything I can to forward them wherever I am. When I came down here yesterday and learned about the boat race, I immediately concocted a little plan of my own in connection with it, which had to do directly with this hobby of mine. I resolved to test these boys, while they were racing their boats and striving for their prizes, in a new way—to find out how much kindness of heart they could feel and show for a dumb animal in distress.

"This was the way I did it. This morning, as soon as the boats started in the race, I had a man take a steam launch and go down to what you know as Highwater Rock and leave there, on the rock, a cat that I had borrowed. I did not mean to leave her there for any length of time, of course, or that she should be in danger. The man had instructions to wait until the boats were in sight before he left her; and he was to run over to Wood Island until the boats went by, and then go back and take her off again. I had an object in view which I thought warranted me in subjecting her to so much of anxiety. I knew that the boats, in sailing the

last stretch of the race, would pass in full view of the rock and must see the cat. And I knew—and I knew that each of those boys would know—that if the poor creature were left there the tide would certainly come up before long and drown her. My object was to see if any of the boys would turn aside from the race to pick her up. I hoped that some one of them would be humane enough to do so even though he should thereby seriously damage his prospects in the race. I am glad to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that the plan succeeded admirably.

"The captain of one of the boats had the race practically in his hands. Four of the boats were well behind him, and he was rapidly overhauling the only one that was ahead. And yet, in spite of this, when he saw that none of the others would do it, he himself stood over to Highwater Rock and rescued the cat from her perilous position. I saw the whole race through a spy-glass from the bishop's cupola, as plainly as if I myself had been in the boat. It was

a noble act. I honor and praise that young gentleman for it. And in the name of the society, which in some sense I represent, I thank him for it, and beg him to accept this watch as a tribute to his real manliness of character. Will Master Philip Carr please come to the platform?"

Then Phil, confused and blushing, went forward, and presently found himself, cat and all, standing before the audience while a perfect storm of applause burst upon him from the hundred true friends of his that were present. Everybody liked Phil Carr; but they liked him that day as they had never liked him before. And when he received his new gold watch everybody was as glad and happy over it as he was himself.

"Ah, Phil!" said the bishop's daughter as she took his hand to congratulate him, "this is better than beating the Flash, is it not?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried Phil. And then he added confidentially, "But I mean to beat the Flash yet, Miss Maitland."





WHEN the midsummer wanes and the fields are loud
With pipe of crickets, and bees a-boom ;
When the blackberries ripen along the hedge,
And the grass is brown at the thicket's edge,
When the rose that reigned by the roadside gray
Has flung her crown to the winds away,—
He comes, to rule with a lordlier sway,
Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The dust rolls up in a curling cloud ;
He recks not the mimic white simoom.
He laughs in his scorn of the passers-by,
Who, trudging, scan with a vacant eye
His shape superb, in its splendor drest,
The sunbeams gilding his radiant crest,
And the fire of youth in his royal breast,
Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The burdocks under his feet are bowed,
They crouch and cower to yield him room.
He turns from the reaching venturous vine,
The daisies that dim in his shadow shine.
He nods with an arrogant, easy grace
To the breeze that timidly fans his face.
He is lord of the realm for a little space,
Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The thistle he woos,— she is flushed and proud,
As she leans to her lord in the fragrant gloom.
His heart is haughty, his hopes are bold,
The blood in his veins is a wine of gold.
He lifts his face to the cloudless sky,
And the summer wanes, and the days flit by,
And he scarce remembers that he must die !
Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The asters shine in a starry crowd,
 The goldenrod breaks to her perfect bloom,
 And the sumach marshals his banners red,
 And crowns her queen in the prince's stead.
 He feels, astonished, his strength decline,
 He fails, he droops, by the blackberry vine,
 And cold in his veins is the ebbing wine,
 Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The spiders spin him a silvery shroud,
 The bees go buzzing abroad his doom.
 He trails in the dust his shriveling crest,
 And the faithless thistle laughs with the rest.
 His reign is over, his splendor is spent;
 He yields up his life and his crown, content,
 And the loyal breezes alone lament
 Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume!



THE STATUE.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

A TRAVELER came to a certain great city, and as he entered through one of its wide gates a passer-by spoke to him.

"Welcome, sir," said the citizen. "I saw by your dress that you were a stranger and make bold to accost you."

"Your welcome is most courteous," answered the traveler, "and I thank you for it."

"You must not fail to see the statue in our market-place," said the citizen. "We take great pride in it, and for my part I consider myself fortunate in being one of the community

that owns so fine a work of art and so grand a memorial."

"I shall certainly take pains to see it," answered the traveler, bowing to the citizen as he passed on.

So when the traveler had made his way into the city he paused for a moment, wondering in which direction the market-place lay. As he stood in doubt, another citizen presented himself, hat in hand.

"You seem unfamiliar with our city," said the new-comer, politely. "If you are seeking the market-place I can easily direct you to it."

"You are right in your supposition," said the traveler.

"Naturally," said the citizen, smiling. "All the world comes to see our great statue; and I have pointed out the way to many. It would be strange if I did not know it, for it was I who proposed the setting up of the statue in the market-place. I am fortunate enough to be one of the town council."

"My respects to you," said the traveler, saluting him.

"Follow this straight course," said the councilman, pointing, "and ask again when you come to the open park."

Bidding the citizen good-day, the traveler proceeded upon his way; nor did he pause until he had come to the park. Then, as he had been instructed to do, he made further inquiry at the door of a little shop.

"Yes, indeed, I can tell you," said the woman who came to the door, "for it was my husband who designed the pedestal for it. John! — another stranger to see the statue."

"In a moment," said her husband, from the back of the shop. "How do you do, sir?" he asked, as he greeted the traveler. "Your face seems to me a familiar one. Where have I seen you? Never been here before? Ah, I must have been mistaken. A chance resemblance, no doubt! Turn to the right, and follow this wall, and you will soon reach the statue, for which I designed the pedestal, as the good people of this town will tell you."

The traveler withdrew, and walked leisurely along by the wall. At the first corner he met a workman who was carving a bit of stonework on a fence-post.

"A stranger, sir?" inquired the workman, as the traveler approached. "To see the statue, no doubt?"

"Yes," said the traveler.

"A good bit of work, and well worth your time. Many's the long day I have worked over it. I carved the block, and never did a better bit of work! Turn to the left—but, wait! Here is a man who can show you the way. Henry!"

As he spoke a man who was driving a heavy wagon drew up near the sidewalk.

"Can you show this gentleman the way to the statue?"

"Can I? — when you know well enough that I drew the statue to its place with this very horse and wagon. Come, my friend, follow me. Or, better still, get up on my wagon and I'll take you there. You're a lighter load than that bit of hewed stone, I warrant you!"

So the traveler mounted upon the wagon, and was soon at the market-place, and stood before the statue itself.

As he gazed up at it, another citizen addressed him:

"Admiring the statue, eh? Well, it's a noble bit of art, and a credit to the place. Every stranger says so."

"It seems well done and well kept," replied the traveler, quietly.

"Well kept? To be sure it is well kept! Would the council of the town have me here if I did not attend to my duty? Perhaps you don't know that I'm the custodian of this work of art? No? Well, I am. Yes, you see before you the statue-keeper. It's a great responsibility; but there, there! — the townspeople don't complain, so I suppose my work is not so badly done."

"Who is it?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, I never thought to ask," said the man, unconcernedly. "Maybe I've heard the name; no doubt I have. But I've forgotten it long since."

The traveler thanked the fellow and gave him a silver coin. Then he departed from out the city. But as he went through the gate in the city wall, there was a boy playing marbles near by, for now the school-hours were over. And as the traveler passed him, the boy looked

to see whose shadow fell upon the wall; and then the boy sprang to his feet, and said:

"See! see! There is the man whose statue stands in the market-place!"

And so it was; but none else in the city knew anything beyond their stone image of the man.

"You were asleep and dreaming in the sun!" the people said, when the boy told his story. And as the traveler never came again, even the boy himself began as he grew older to think it was a dream, so real seemed the statue compared to his faint memory of the great one in whose honor it stood aloft.

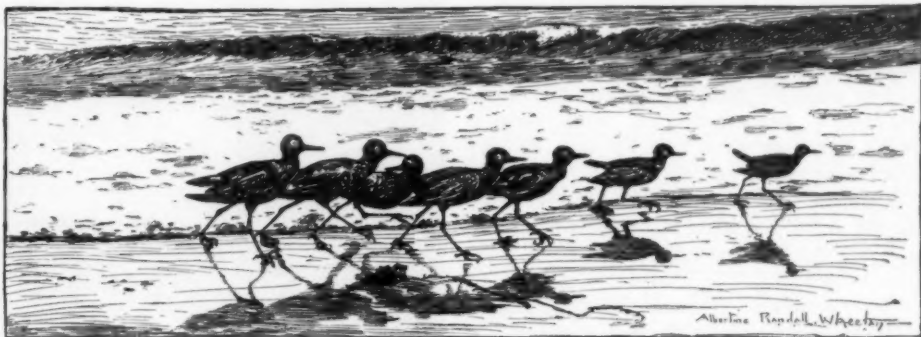
A HINT.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

If you should frown and I should frown
While walking out together,
The happy folk about the town
Would say, "The clouds are settling down,
In spite of pleasant weather."

If you should smile and I should smile
While walking out together,
Sad folk would say, "Such looks beguile
The weariness of many a mile,
In dark and dreary weather."

JINGLE.



THE boys and girls have gone to bed; the moon shines on the sea;
A band of merry sandpipers are going out to tea.
"We shall be late!" the youngest cry, in something of a flurry.
"Oh, take your time," the elders say, "there really is no hurry!"

THE CROWNED CHILDREN OF EUROPE.

BY CHARLES K. BACKUS.

THE crowns of three of the hereditary kingdoms of Europe are now worn by children. The oldest in length of reign and youngest in years is Alphonso XIII. of Spain. He has been a king from the day of his birth, May 17, 1886, his father, Alphonso XII., having died a few months before.

As the youngest child of Alphonso XII. was a boy, under the laws of Spain which declare that the royal title shall descend in the male line whenever that is possible he became king at once, taking rank above his sisters, the first-born of whom then ceased to be Queen of Spain and became only Princess of the Asturias. The short life of this titled boy has been less happy than that of many of his little subjects, for his health has not been good, and he has passed through some severe illnesses, which have left him a frail rather than robust child. He has recovered from his illnesses without serious results, and is now a knowing and attractive little boy, who loves play and delights in mischief, even though he does live in a palace and is surrounded with all the ceremony of a court.

As many amusing stories are told of his bright sayings and comical acts as are told of wonderful babies of less prominent families.

One anecdote relates to his first attendance at chapel. Great pains had been taken to make him understand that he must sit very still during the service, and especially must not say a word. He listened eagerly and in silence to the organ, but when the priest commenced to speak the small monarch called out, "Stop! you must not talk in chapel."

His pictures are common in Europe, and all of them are pleasing. In one he is in the chair of state. On a footstool, before him, are his two sisters, and at his right hand sits his mother. Standing before him, in a rich uniform, is one of the high officers of Spain, who is reading a long address to his sovereign as solemnly as if he were

in the presence of a monarch of ripe years. Not only do the baby eyes stare in surprise at this interruption of fun and frolic, but the mouth also is wide open, while one tiny hand clutches with all its puny strength the fingers of his faithful Andalusian nurse, who stands in waiting behind the monarch's chair of state.



ALPHONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN, AND THE QUEEN REGENT.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FERNANDO DEBAS, MADRID.)

The Spaniards are both an unruly and a chivalric people. Within twenty-five years they have

changed their government several times. They drove out Queen Isabella, the grandmother of Alphonso XIII. An indirect result of their effort to choose her successor was the terrible war in 1870 between France and Germany. One of their temporary rulers, Marshal Prim, was assassinated. They would not submit to the sway of the Italian Prince, Amadeus, and he finally abdicated the throne. A strong party among them now prefer a republic, and hope to see it established. But all classes have been touched by the innocence and loveliness of the little fellow who is their ruler in name, and the Baby King at present gives real strength to the throne. He is greatly liked by his people, and his daily appearance in Madrid with his sisters, in his little carriage drawn by four fine mules, always calls out universal expressions of affection. It is especially fortunate that his mother is a woman of good sense, high character, and an exceedingly kind heart. She was an Archduchess of Austria and is now Queen Maria Christina, reigning as regent until her son reaches the age of sixteen years. She has greatly endeared herself to the people of her adopted country by her wisdom and her benevolence. Lately, the eloquent leader of the Spanish republicans, Señor Castelar, explained the quiet condition of his party by saying: "One cannot make war upon a baby and a woman!"

Servia is a new European monarchy. It was for many years one of the small principalities situated on the lower Danube, and bounded by Turkey, Austria, and Russia. Its security was constantly in peril through quarrels with its neighbors because of the rival ambitions of those powers. Finally, in 1882, it was made an independent kingdom, each of the nations who were eager to absorb it consenting to its independence with the view of preventing the territory from falling into the hands of the others. The family of Obrenovich had long been Princes of Servia, and its head became the first king, under the title of Milan I. He had married Natalie, the daughter of a Russian colonel named de Kechko, and to them there was born on August 14, 1876, their only child, a son named Alexander.

King Milan and his wife did not live happily

together; and Queen Natalie has been accused by many of the folly of letting her Russian patriotism outweigh her prudence, and of lending herself to plots and intrigues which aimed at



ALEXANDER I., KING OF SERVIA.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ADÈLE, VIENNA.)

bringing Servia in greater or less degree under the control of her own country. The result was a long and bitter quarrel, of which the end was their separation and the expulsion of Queen Natalie from Servia. King Milan I. finally abdicated his throne and his son became King of Servia on March 17, 1889, under the title of Alexander I., while still in his thirteenth year. The actual government is in the hands of a "Council of Regency," composed of three of the most experienced statesmen and soldiers of the country; and Alexander is yet in care of his tutors, and he rarely sees either of his pa-

rents, neither of whom lives at Belgrade, the capital. His real authority is as yet but slight. He is an attractive youth, speaks French and German, as well as the Servian dialect, and is reported to be intelligent, well-disposed, and manly. His reign has thus far been peaceful and prosperous, for the men who govern in his name have shown themselves to be both sagacious and patriotic.

Wilhelmina, Queen of the Netherlands, was born at The Hague on August 31, 1880, and received the full name of Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Marie. The monarchy of the Netherlands includes not only Holland but its colonial dependencies in South America and the East and West Indies. These colonies are both rich and extensive, covering an area of 800,000 square miles and containing a population of more than 27,000,000, six times that of Holland itself!

The youthful Dutch queen is the daughter of William III., who died on November 23, 1890, and of Emma Adelaide Wilhelmina, Princess of Waldeck-Pyrmont. Her father was the last descendant in the direct line of one of the most famous families of Europe, the house of Orange-Nassau, which has given to history three splendid figures: William the Silent, the first Stadtholder of the Dutch republic; his son Maurice; and William III., who became also King of England.

From her early childhood Princess Wilhelmina has been trained to prepare her for her royal duties. She has been carefully educated under an English governess, having been required to master the English and French languages as well as the Dutch, and great attention has been given to her diet, exercise, and all that could contribute to her health. She has also received the constant supervision of her mother, a woman of amiable character and excellent judgment, who is greatly and deservedly beloved in Holland, and who acts as queen regent during her daughter's minority. As princess, Wilhelmina is dressed plainly, wearing simple white gowns, and having as her only ornament a turquoise or pearl necklace.

She will not take up the full duties of queen

for six or seven years to come, and probably there will be no great change in her habits and privileges in the interval.

The people of Holland have welcomed her to the throne with feelings of tender pride and interest akin to those with which more than half a century ago Great Britain greeted the accession of their "Bonny English Rose," the Princess Victoria, then a girl still in her teens.



QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KAMEKE, THE HAGUE, NETHERLANDS.)

That Queen Wilhelmina has already won the love of the Dutch has been shown by the fact that even during her father's life her birthday, although not a regular *fête*, was usually celebrated with public rejoicings by the people.

THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MAKING ENEMIES.

TOBY had plenty of time to talk the business over with Burke, and give him further instructions, before sending him to meet the afternoon train.

The boy played his part well, but he brought only one passenger; a disappointment to Toby, who had hoped the success of the forenoon might be repeated. He was consoled, however, when told that there were but two fares for the bus. He was beginning to regard the traveling public exclusively as so many "fares."

He now found a use for one of his omnibus tickets. His passenger was going to spend a day or two at the Springs, and would not risk paying a return fare by the boat, owing to the uncertainty of the weather. But he was willing to take a ticket which, Toby told him, would be good for either the boat or the bus.

Then there was the party Toby had engaged to bring back from the Springs for the four-o'clock train. He himself went with his one passenger, and returned with the five. Burke, who was left to do some work at the wharf, let the Whitehall boat in Toby's absence to two young fellows going a-fishing. A very satisfactory business for one day.

In the evening there was a wind that rendered the lake rough for rowboats. But Toby went out with Mr. Allerton in the "Swallow," and learned to manage it under sail.

The boat behaved beautifully; it sailed close to the wind, and never missed stays. It was a delightful lesson. And what interesting things in the present and future Toby had to talk over with his friend!

Mr. Allerton warned him against being puffed up by prosperity.

"Things promise well," said he, "but you

must n't expect to step into a business worth twenty or twenty-five dollars a week without meeting with obstacles."

The obstacles were not slow in appearing.

The following week opened with two days of bad weather, when the lake was very rough. Then, when business brightened with the brightening skies, Burke reported that the sign on Mrs. Patterson's fence had been pulled down.

"It must be Yellow Jacket's doing!" Toby declared resentfully.

But it was worse than that.

Mr. Thomas Tazwell, manager of the omnibus line for the railroad of which he was a director, was likewise the real-estate agent who had let to Mrs. Patterson the old house opposite the station. She had no lease; and he had lately sent her word that either she or the sign must go.

"So what could I do?" she said appealingly to Toby, when called on for an explanation.

"Pretty small business for Tazwell, I should think!" said Toby indignantly. "But he is n't going to stop my boats that way. I've more time now, and I'll go myself to the depot with Burke, and we'll just rope in all the fares we can."

Then a still worse thing happened. He had found a great convenience, and no small profit, in the use of the omnibus company's return tickets. So what did the company do? It issued, in place of the old tickets, paper slips each stamped with the date and the notice, "Good for this day only." If any omnibus passengers cared to stay more than one day at the Springs, they could arrange matters with the driver. But Toby could not receive these slips and be sure of using them the same day.

Still, some who went over in the omnibus were willing to sacrifice their return slips, and pay full fare in Toby's boats, in order to enjoy the trip on the lake. And Toby spared no

efforts in procuring all the "go over" fares he could. He and Burke were getting used to the business; generally they were both at the station to meet the two principal trains; and in fine weather they gained a full share of the public patronage.

Then came another device on the part of the company. Through tickets to Three Springs were sold at the railroad office at Z—, the great center for summer tourists. These, of course, were good only in the bus. On one occasion every passenger arriving at the village on his way to Three Springs was already provided with one of these tickets.

Toby was struck with dismay. It seemed for a while that he must fall back upon the business of letting boats; that was growing in importance, but it was not enough to satisfy his awakened energies.

Nevertheless, many passengers still slipped through the company's well spread net. Toby's business was beginning to advertise itself; and you might now and then have heard, at summer resorts, and especially in the larger hotels at Z—, such remarks as this:

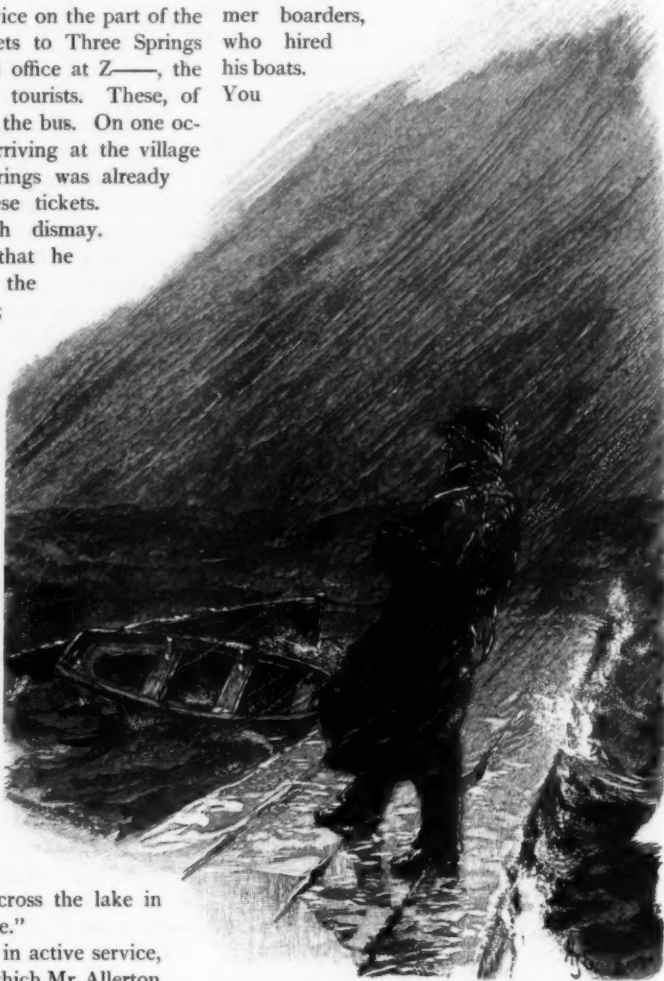
"If you go to Three Springs, don't put so much as your nose into the omnibus at Lakesend, but find the boy there who takes people across the lake in his boats. It's worth while."

He had his four boats in active service, including the "Swallow," which Mr. Allerton insisted on his using. Sometimes when the wind was favorable he put up the sail and took his "fares" across in fine style. If he could not return without beating and there was not time enough for that, he would "down sail" and row.

Over the Whitehall boat he fitted an awning,

which could be stretched in calm weather when the sun poured down its too fierce rays on the lake.

His enterprise attracted much attention in the village. He was popular with the summer boarders, who hired his boats.
You



A BAD DAY FOR BUSINESS.

might have heard a great deal of talk about "that Trafford boy," and the "brave fight" he was making with fortune and the railroad company.

He had his enemies also. Some took sides with the company, called him a cat's-paw, and

declared that it was n't merely a boy they were fighting, but somebody behind him and backing him.

This "somebody" must have meant Mr. Allerton. He certainly had done much to incite and direct his young friend. But he took no credit to himself for this. If Toby had not possessed enterprise, assiduity, and a readiness to take advantage of circumstances, no "backing" could have enabled him to succeed.

"I proposed something very like it to another young fellow, who lacks those qualities," said the schoolmaster. "He would not even look at it until Tobias had taken it in hand. Now he treats me as if I had injured him, and he is Trafford's enemy."

Yellow Jacket might have forgiven Toby for accepting what he himself had at first declined, and even have become reconciled to seeing the boy Burke employed in his place. But the easy recovery of the gun by Toby and his friend, after his own futile attempt, and Toby's foolish sarcasms on the subject had given his vanity wounds that would not heal. He did not say much, but sullenly brooded over his fancied wrongs.

Then, there was the affair of the swallows, which Tom made the most of in keeping alive in his companions the bad feelings Toby had aroused. Aleck the Little did not share Tom's deep-seated ill will; but he had a malevolent nature that enjoyed seeing mischief afoot.

As for Butter Ball, he would have forgotten in a week all the resentment he was capable of feeling, but for his servile subjection to the influence of his older companions. He was proud of being the associate of such fine fellows as Tom Tazwell and the minister's son, even though often conscious of being regarded by them as a mere tool. He had no real hatred of Toby. But they made him think he had, and muddled his dull wits with the notion that to plot revenge was manly.

Toby also gave offense to some by attending strictly to business and having little to say to idlers. They called him "stuck-up," and said they would like to see him "let down a peg." I regret to say that Bob Brunswick belonged to this set. To those inclined to be lazy an example of industry is hateful.

But the enmity of all such would have amounted to nothing if Tom had not kept it stirred up and given it direction.

He of course took sides with his father and the omnibus line against Toby and his boats. He had fallen into the habit of being out late nights, when he would meet on familiar terms associates with whom he would not have been seen speaking by day. He never missed a chance of haranguing them on the one exciting topic.

"What right had he to chip in and interfere with our coaches?"—which proposition he enlarged upon, with arguments that would have held equally good against all competition in business. "It was just because he got booted out of our store! And what right has he to block up the highway with his wharf?"

This question was about as reasonable as the other. The Trafford place did not extend to the water; and Toby had found it convenient to put his wharf at the foot of the street. But it was a small affair, with only one end resting on the shore; and nobody hitherto had thought of its obstructing the thoroughfare.

"Anybody has a right to tear that thing away or burn it up; and that is just what 'll happen to it some time, if he's not careful!" blustered Tom, firing the hearts of his partizans against the alleged obstruction.

Hints of this opposition reached Toby's ears from time to time. But he paid no heed to it until it became necessary that his wharf should be rebuilt and enlarged. Then came the crisis.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I 'LL TAKE THE RISK."

IN August, summer travel was at its height; and to secure his share of it Toby met the device of the company's "through tickets" with a project of his own.

In this he had the counsel and assistance of his best friend. Mr. Allerton visited the principal hotels of Z—, and got permission to put up printed notices in conspicuous places on the walls. He also caused to be inserted in the *Tourists' World* a modest advertisement, with editorial paragraphs calling attention to "the praiseworthy enterprise of young Mr. Trafford,"

whose line of boats across the loveliest of lakes "met a long felt want."

Toby perceived at once the good effect of these announcements. His boats were crowded in fair weather, and occasionally he had to employ another assistant. To supply at the same time the demand for boats to let, he ordered a new, light, cedar boat, to be sent to him by the boat-builders.

The increase of business rendered necessary a better and larger wharf. There was no other place so convenient for it as the foot of the street; but before making the change he deemed it prudent to consult the town officers.

The chief magistrate visited the spot with him, listened to his plans, nodded, and gave an opinion.

"No, Toby; I really don't see the slightest objection to what you propose. Your structure won't be in the way of vehicles, unless people want to drive into the lake, and it seems to me you'll leave them plenty of room to do that. But I suppose you know there's some feeling about your having a wharf here at all?"

"That's why I thought it best to get your permission," said Toby.

"As for any formal permission, that is something we have no right to grant. There would be no legality about it without a vote of the town, and I'm not sure but the consent of the county commissioners would be required; possibly an act of the Legislature."

"Not an act of Congress too, I hope," said Toby, laughing. "I had no idea so simple-looking a thing could be so complicated."

"It is simple enough, if you choose to put your wharf here, and take your chances of its being allowed to remain. But when you talk of acquiring a right, that's a different matter. An established highway does n't belong to individuals; it belongs to the town, to the county, to the whole community. I can say only that the town authorities will not object."

"What if anybody else objects?" Toby asked anxiously.

"I'm not much of a lawyer," the magistrate replied, "but I don't see what anybody's objection can amount to, unless a complaint is entered and your wharf is shown to be a nuisance."

"That's all I care to know!" exclaimed

Toby. "It may not be a legal act for me to put it here; but once here it will not be a legal act for Tom, Dick, and Harry to meddle with it."

"Tom, Dick, and Harry," said the magistrate, "will have no more right to injure your property than they have to destroy mine, if they find my cart left on the sidewalk. If it is absolutely in their way, they can move it out of their way, but they will be liable for any wilful damage done to it. If I persist in leaving it there, they can make a complaint."

"That looks like common sense, whether it is law or not," said Toby.

"The law itself is only a sort of cut-and-dried common sense, as I understand it," said the town officer, turning to go.

Toby thanked him and said, "I'll take the risk. I'll build a neat wharf here, well out in the lake, where it will be in nobody's way, but where other people will find it a convenience, whether they use it as a boat-landing, or as a platform to stand on if they come to the lake for water."

And he said to Burke, the carpenter's son:

"Tell your father, as soon as he has a few minutes to spare I want to see him."

The elder Burke came, listened to Toby's plan, pronounced it "likely," and, standing in a boat, measured with an oar the depth of water off the old wharf. Then he made some figures on a chip with a bit of red chalk, and gave an estimate of the cost.

"That won't break me!" said Toby, gleefully conscious of accumulating profits. "When can you do it? The season is short; and my new boat will be here in a day or two."

"To-morrow morning, good and early, I'll be on hand with a load of lumber and jise" (carpenter's word for *joists*). "I'll have a man to help me," said the elder Burke, "and we'll try to squeeze the job into a day."

CHAPTER XL.

THE LAKESIDE LOT.

WHEN Toby went home to tell what he had done, and to make ready for the afternoon train, he was amazed to see Mr. Tazwell coming away from the door.

They could not well avoid a meeting, if either had wished to do so. Toby was passing

by, with head held high and a stern look, when the merchant accosted him as politely as if there had never been the slightest unpleasantness between them.

"I hope you are well, Toby. How are you getting on?"

"I am getting on as well as could be expected under the circumstances," Toby answered coldly.

"I have just been to call on your mother," said Tazwell, "to see about the transfer of that piece of property."

"What piece of property?" Toby asked, though he knew very well.

"Why, that lake-side lot," said the smiling Tazwell. "You know how she acquired it: by foreclosing a mortgage I turned over to her. I promised to make the loss good; and as the land is n't salable, I am now—and have been for some little time—ready to take it off her hands."

Toby knew that, too, very well. Soon after the collision between him and the persecutors of the swallows on the lot in question, Tom's father had written Mrs. Trafford a respectful, businesslike note, making the proposal. She was in favor of accepting it at once; but by the advice of her children she had delayed sending an answer.

Then Mrs. Tazwell had called, and in speaking—sincerely, no doubt, for she was a sincere woman—of her husband's desire to act honorably by the widow, she had reminded her of his offer.

"It is very kind of him," said the widow; "and I will think it over."

Which meant that she would once more consult her children. But now Toby's suspicions were fully roused.

"He has never made that offer out of mere good will to you, I am sure," he declared. "I believe, with Mr. Allerton, that the property on this lake is going to rise in value within a few years, and that our lot will be worth more than it has cost us, if we can afford to keep it. Tazwell has come to the same conclusion. He does n't want to help you; what he wants is the lot."

Mildred would never agree with her brother when there was a fair opportunity for a disagree-

ment; but now she declared herself to be of the same opinion.

"I should think everything of Mr. Allerton's judgment," she said, "for he seems to be a living refutation of the old prejudice that a man who knows books can know nothing else. I would wait a while longer."

So the widow had waited; and at last, in his neat kid gloves, and with his persuasive smile, Mr. Tazwell himself had come to repeat his proposition.

"I'll think of it; I'll see," was all the satisfaction he could get when he urged her to name a price for the property. And he had finally gone out to "waste the sweetness of his smiles on Toby,"—so said Mildred, who watched him from the half-open door.

"What did my mother say?" Toby asked him, with hardly concealed disdain.

"That in her ignorance of business she has done some unwise things; and that now her son is getting to know more of practical matters than she does."

Tazwell meant this for flattery, and watched for its effect on Toby.

"That does n't imply that I know very much," the boy answered, making a move to enter the house.

The merchant laid his gloved forefinger on Toby's arm.

"But you know well that the property lies dead on her hands; and you must see that it will be much better for her to get rid of it."

"If better for her, how will it be for you?"

"That's my lookout," said the merchant; "I feel bound to make up for her losses."

"In that case," replied Toby, "suppose you begin with the West Quarry bonds that you turned over to her at par, and that are now worth about seventeen cents on the dollar."

The merchant was seldom disconcerted; but this suggestion, put to him by the boy with a quiet smile and almost laughing eyes, made him color to the tips of his ears.

"I shall attend to them in good time—all in good time," he replied, and artfully glided from that disagreeable topic. "I consider myself fortunate in being able to fulfil my obligation regarding the lot, in the first place. Now if a bonus of one hundred or even two hundred

dollars will satisfy your mother, why, I am not the man to stand dickering about it."

"Could n't you make it five hundred?"

Toby put this question ironically, without the slightest idea that Tazwell would consider it.

"That would be an extravagant price! Three hundred—or three hundred and fifty—I am willing to go as high as that, considering all the trouble your mother has had; but that is the limit."

"Then there's no use in talking," said Toby.

Once more the merchant stopped him as he was entering the house.

"See here, Toby, if it can be settled at once, I will give a bonus of five hundred dollars. Shall I go in with you and talk it over again with your mother?"

"I'd rather talk it over with her alone," replied Toby, finally breaking away from the gloved finger and going in.

He kept his emotions well under control until in the presence of his mother and sister, when he went into convulsions of laughter.

"Over and above what the place has cost us! Five hundred dollars—and a month ago we could n't sell it at any price. If it was anybody but Tazwell, I should say he was crazy. But Tazwell! Oh!"

"What can it all mean?" asked Mildred.

"It means that the place has a value which Tazwell sees and we don't. I can't think of any peculiarity about it except the old swallow-tree; and he is n't the man to take any stock in a curiosity of that sort. I suppose that would soon be cut down, if he had the place. And that's another objection to his having it," added Toby.

"But five hundred dollars profit!" said the widow. "What are we thinking of, children? People will say we are the crazy ones!"

"Let's be crazy, then!" cried Toby hilariously. "I tell you, it's fine to own something Tazwell wants so badly that he is willing to hide his hatred of me and my boats and come to us in this fawning way!"

"But we must n't sacrifice our own interests in order to spite him," argued the widow.

"Oh, no; we won't. You may be sure the place is worth more than he offers—if we could only find out his secret!"

"At all events," said Mildred, "let's wait and see what Mr. Allerton says."

The schoolmaster, who came often in those days to take tea with the family, came again that evening; and he was decidedly of the opinion that Mr. Tazwell's apparent generosity should be examined with great caution.

CHAPTER XLI.

CATS AND CLOVER.

FORTUNATELY, the Traffords were better able to hold the lot than they had been before Toby set up his business. That made Toby, for one, feel vastly independent; he was so sure of success!

"To-morrow," said he, "I'll have my new wharf; then in two or three days you'll see my new boat in the water. I wonder what Tazwell will say then?"

The boat was to cost fifty dollars; he had saved money enough beyond his expenses to pay for it, and also for the wharf, which was to cost thirty dollars. No wonder his head was a little turned.

The carpenters began driving spiles for the wharf early the next morning. It was a great day for Toby.

With feelings of pride and triumph he saw his plan, which had existed first as an idea in his own brain, take solid shape and plant its firm legs in the water.

The wharf was built high enough to make room for two good-sized boats under it, and there were rings along each edge for lines. On one side, a little below the main platform, was a short, narrow one, that made an easy step from the wharf and the boats. On the other side, but nearer the shore, was placed a long, low box, in which he locked up his oars, rowlocks, sponges, and bailers.

It was a dull day, and perhaps that was the reason why there were but few passengers for the Springs—no more than the boy Burke could ferry over. Toby was not sorry, for he took great pleasure in helping the carpenters, and in seeing where every nail was driven.

The work attracted considerable attention, and friendly people stopped to talk with him about it; while Lick Stevens and his set passed

by with evil glances and whisperings among themselves. When the men gathered their tools together, late in the afternoon, and went home to supper, the wharf was practically finished.

Toby, too, went home to his supper, but in half an hour he was back again, admiring the structure, and clearing up the litter about it with rake and broom. His mother and Mildred also came down to look at it and praise it — with some sly pleasantries on the girl's part; and later in the evening Mr. Allerton appeared.

His approval brimmed the cup of happiness for Toby, who showed him how easily the two boats could be run into their stalls under the platform, and how convenient the step at the side would be at low water for women and children. Then the two sat down on the end of the wharf, and with their legs dangling over the lake had a good talk.

Mr. Allerton had just returned from a trip to the city.

"By the way," he said, "how was business to-day?"

"Rather poor, even for dull weather," replied Toby. "The omnibus got more than its share."

"I ask," said Mr. Allerton, "because I found that those notices we put up in the hotels had been torn down."

"Who did that, do you suppose?" said Toby, surprised and angry.

"I could n't find out. The clerks claimed to know nothing about it. Either the railroad people have used their influence to have them removed, or somebody has gone in and pulled them down without any formality."

"We can put them up again," said Toby.

"Yes; but will they stay up? What a pitiful thing it is that one should have such enemies."

"I'm independent of 'em; I'll show them that before I get through!"

"I don't like to hear you make so many declarations of independence," replied the schoolmaster. "Nobody is independent of his enemies, or of anybody, or of anything, I might almost say. We are all links in a chain."

He lifted his hat, patted his hair, and went on, while they both sat looking out on the starless and moonless water:

"There is a curious story naturalists tell, which will show you what I mean. You

would n't imagine, I suppose, that the quality of English beef, which is so celebrated, could depend at all upon — cats?"

"I can see how cats may depend upon beef; not how beef can depend upon cats," said Toby.

"I'll tell you. The favorite food of the English ox is red clover. To sow clover you must have the seed. To have the seed the pollen of the blossoms must be 'mixed,' as gardeners say; that is, the dust of the anthers must be lodged upon the stigmas."

"I know it is so with cucumber plants," said Toby. "If you grow them under glass, in cold weather, you have to go around with a little brush and mix the pollen; or the pickles won't set. I've seen gardeners do that. But the best way is to have a hive of bees where in warm days they will find their way under the sashes and mix the pollen for you."

"That is just what field bees do for the red clover," said Mr. Allerton; "though in a different way. Now there is a field-mouse that destroys the nests of the bees; where there are many mice there are few bees, and the clover suffers in consequence."

"I see!" exclaimed Toby. "The cats, by killing the mice, give the bees a better chance; so where there are the most cats there are the most field bees and the most clover seed."

"The clover makes the beef, and the beef nourishes the robust Englishman," the master added. "So he who kills a good mousing cat strikes a blow at the human brotherhood, and the keepers of cats are philanthropists. This is not a fancy picture; nor is it true of English cats and clover alone. It is more or less true of life everywhere. We are parts of the universal network of men and things. So don't boast of your independence. Your feeblest enemy may do you a great mischief. I am sorry you have made enemies, Tobias."

"So am I," said Toby; "but I can't see that it is all my fault."

"I have helped you a little in getting them," replied Mr. Allerton. "We might better have left that gun at the bottom of the lake; and what was I thinking of when I gave those swallows to Tom's sister!" — for Bertha had told Mildred of Tom's anger, and of the tragic fate

of the birds. "But we must n't sit here any longer," he said, rising to his feet.

Toby waited to see if he had left everything "all right." The doctor's boat and the "Milly" were under the wharf where they could be heard rocking and chafing as the light waves lapsed lispingly under their sides. The "Swallow" and the Whitehall were moored outside with lines made fast to the corner rings of the wharf.

Toby put his broom into the oar-box, which he locked, then shouldered his rake.

"I meant to take care of this litter to-night," he said, giving a poke with his foot to the pile of shavings, chips, and splinters and fragments of boards and joists which he had gathered up at the shore end of the wharf. "To-morrow is Sunday, and it looks like rain."

"I am afraid I have hindered you," said the schoolmaster.

"No," replied Toby; "I was really too tired to do anything more this evening, and now it is too dark. If that rubbish heap gets wet it can get dry again."

As they turned up Water Street they heard a rush of footsteps, and saw two or three figures glide behind a fence and disappear in the darkness along by the lake shore.

Toby did not think much about this until after he had parted with the schoolmaster at his mother's gate. Then he said to himself:

"I wish I had taken care of that rubbish; but it is too late now." And he went in and went to bed.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE STRANGE LIGHT MILDRED SAW.

FRONTING the street were two bedrooms, separated by an entry. One of these was Toby's; the other, a corner room, one window of which looked out on the lake, was occupied by Mildred.

She had heard Toby bid the master good-night at the gate, and had spoken to him as he passed through the upper entry. Soon after, she too retired.

She had been an hour or two asleep, when she was wakened by a strange light, and started up, wondering what it could be. It evidently came in through the window that commanded the lake. The sash was open, but

the blinds were closed, and through the slats played gleams of flickering light.

She sprang to the window, threw open the blinds, and looked out on a startling scene. All the lake shore was lighted up by the red glare of fire.

She darted across the entry to call her brother. He was sleeping so soundly after the day's fatigue and excitement that it was not easy to rouse him.

She glided into his room, a dim white ghost.

"Toby! Toby!" She did not speak very loud, for fear of alarming their mother, who slept in the room behind her son's. "Toby!" she repeated, coming to his bed and shaking him.

"What is it?" he murmured, struggling out of his deep slumber.

"Get up quickly!" she said in a wild whisper. "Your wharf is burning!"

He was on his feet in a moment, stumbling across the floor, pulling on his clothes. One look from the window told him the whole dire history. The wharf was all a sheet of fire, sending up flames and smoke, with a dull crackling roar.

With a cry of dismay, Toby withdrew his head, which he had thrust far out of the window, and struggled with his garments, which it seemed to him never would go on. And his shoes—where were his shoes? Never mind the socks!

"Keep watch," he cried to Mildred, who had returned to her own room, and was hurriedly dressing by the light of the fire, "and see if you can catch sight of anybody!"

"It is too late for that, I am afraid," she replied. "Whoever set it has had time to get away."

He was rushing through the entry as he spoke. Down the stairs he ran, with clatter of feet and clash of doors, less mindful than she had been of their mother's rest; through the kitchen, where he seized a pail by the light that came in broadly from the lake shore; and out of the house, with loud cries of "Fire! Fire!"—cries always so strange and startling in the middle of the night.

"What is it? Where is it?" asked Mrs. Trafford, rushing from her own room.

"Nobody's house," Milly answered; "it is the wharf. Somebody must have set fire to the pile of rubbish the carpenters left."

"The wharf!—after all Toby's trouble and expense!" exclaimed the widow. "Who could be so cruel?"

The rubbish had not only been fired, it had first been scattered over the platform in a way to insure destruction of the whole wharf.

A strong breeze fanned the flames. If they no longer mounted so high as when Toby first saw them from the window, it was because most of the light litter was consumed, and they had settled down to steadier work. The dry flooring blazed almost from end to end, holes were appearing in it, and flaming cinders were dropping down into the water, and into the boats beneath.

The wind blew off-shore, but obliquely, and the flames were raging most fiercely on the side upon which was the low, narrow platform. On the opposite side, nearer the shore, the oar-box was quietly burning; and there Toby began the work of extinction.

There was danger of all the boats being destroyed. Two were under the wharf. The two others, the "Swallow" and the Whitehall, were moored off the end of the platform by bow and stern lines that held them within a few feet of it.

Of these the "Swallow" was in the position of greatest peril. Fortunately, the attaching line burnt off before the boat became ignited, and allowed it to swing around with the wind by its bow moorings. The Whitehall had not yet been reached.

With furious energy Toby cast pailful after pailful of water on the blazing oar-box and the wharf. Every splash 1-ft broad, black, smoking streaks where before there were curling tongues of fire. The box was a charred ruin, but its contents were saved. The flames, as they were driven off toward the farther side, revealed gaps in the flooring; but there was still hope of sav-



"TOBY CAST PAILFUL AFTER PAILFUL OF WATER ON THE WHARF."

ing the foundations of the wharf, and at least one of the boats that were still under it.

A curious thing happened to the other boat. It really seemed moved by a sort of dull instinct to get out of its uncomfortable situation. Its fastenings had burnt off, and there was an opportunity of escape. With the wind agitating and urging it, along by the outer row of posts it worked its way, and, barely clearing the "Swallow" as it passed, set sail upon the open lake.

It was already on fire; a sheet of flame shot up from stem to stern. It was the boat Toby had bought of the doctor. Before running it under the wharf that evening, he had laid in it, the "Swallow's" mast, with the sail wrapped around it. Flakes of falling cinders had ignited rails and thwarts, and the roll of canvas seemed to unfold into another sail, all of flame, driving before the wind. The movement was so unexpected that Toby, intent on drenching the wharf, did not notice it until the boat was well off shore. Then to attempt to save it would have been to abandon the "Milly," which was under the platform and perhaps already on fire. And the farther side of the flooring, with the timbers under it, was still in flames.

(To be continued.)

GOOD MEASURE OF LOVE.

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

ONE twilight was there when it seemed
New stars beneath young eyelids gleamed;

In vain the warning clock would creep
Anear the hour of beauty-sleep;

In vain the trundle yearned to hold
Far-Eyes and little Heart-of-Gold;

And Love that kisses are the stuff of
At last for once there was enough of,

As though of all Affection's round
The fond climacteric had been found —

Each childish fancy heaping more,
Like spendthrift from a miser store,

Till — stopped by hug and stayed by kiss —
The sweet contention ran like this:

"How much do I love you?" (I remember but part
Of the words of the troth of this lover)

"I love you" — he said — "why — I love you — a heart
Brimful and running over.

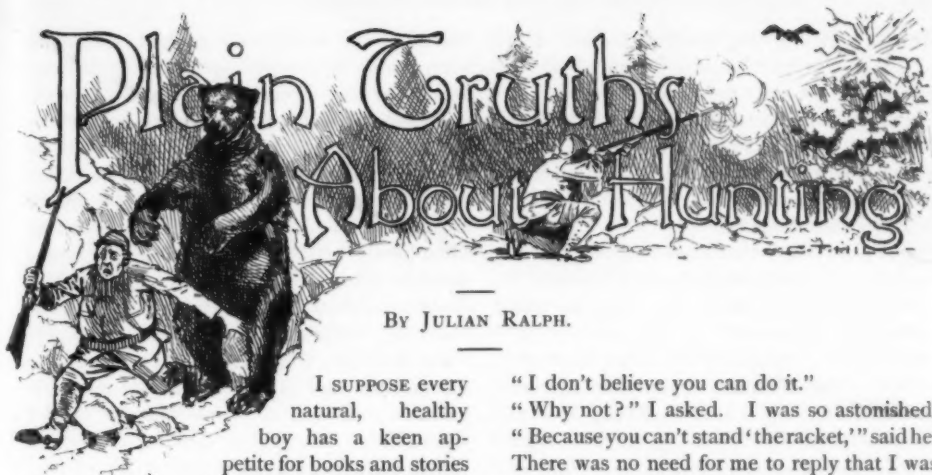
"I love you a hundred!" said he with a squeeze;

"A thousand!" said she as she nestled;

"A million!" he cried in triumphant ease,
While she with the numbers wrestled.

"Aha! I have found it!" she shouted, "Aha!"
(The red to the soft cheeks mounting)

"I love you — I love you — I love you, Papa,
Over the last of the counting!"



BY JULIAN RALPH.

I SUPPOSE every natural, healthy boy has a keen appetite for books and stories of travel and adventure. I suppose they all envy such explorers as Stanley and such hunters as Cumming. The feeling does not end with boyhood, for I find that if you come to know the most sedate and busiest men, wrapped up in the affairs of stores and offices, underneath their gray hairs you will discover that they often think of how they would have enjoyed seeing new countries, hunting wild animals, and fishing in rivers where great fish are swarming. But I wonder how many boys ever think of the price such pleasures cost—I do not mean the cost in money, but in discomfort, hardship, fatigue, and pain. I wonder how many grown-up men realize that they could not possibly endure or go through an ordinary hunting adventure in a rough country.

It happened that, a year ago, I was asked to go into the wildest regions I could find in order to describe the hunting of b'z game and the catching of what are called 'game fish.' I had always possessed a city boy's fondness for the country and had enjoyed rural life for at least a short time every year since the days when I was at boarding-school. I had fished in the St. Lawrence, gone bird-shooting in the woods and mountains near New York, had camped out half a dozen times, and had even been deer-hunting in what I thought were wild districts. Nevertheless, when I sought a true hunter and told him what I was about to undertake he looked me all over (though he knew me very well), and he said:

"I don't believe you can do it."

"Why not?" I asked. I was so astonished.

"Because you can't stand 'the racket,'" said he.

There was no need for me to reply that I was strong, healthy, sound, and with at least ordinary pluck, fair nerves, and a strong digestive apparatus. He knew that as well as I.

"I believe that hunters are born, not made," said he; "at least, what I mean is that if they have not roughed it from boyhood there is no use in their trying to rough it in manhood. You have no idea what you are thinking of undertaking. To live the life of men in a rough country, you must have a body like india-rubber, without fat or extra flesh, with supple muscles and hard substance. You must have lungs that will serve you as long as you call on them—that is the most important thing of all. You've got 'sand' enough" (he meant courage and pride and earnestness by that one word), "but what good is all the 'sand' in the world if your wind gives out when you are running away from a grizzly, or trying to climb a mountain two miles straight up in air, or when an Indian whom you could break in two across your knee asks you to follow him on a dog-trot for ten miles at a stretch over a rough country? What would any one give for your pluck if your breath stops short, and your muscles relax, and you have to sit down and rest when everything depends on your going straight ahead?"

I could not understand what he meant, any more than any reader of this who has not tried what we talked of can understand it; but I was very enthusiastic and very much in earnest, so I persisted that he was wrong. The hunter ended the talk by paying me a very high com-

pliment, which I only mention because I did not deserve it and because it will show how thoroughly serious he was in his belief that "not every soft man can endure a hard time," as he put it. He found all his talk was to no purpose, and then he said, "Well, all that I can say is that if any man who *can't* do it *can* do it, you are the man."

One day, nearly two years afterwards, a very kind friend in Vancouver, British Columbia, declared that, if I would say the word, he would get me two Indians who would guarantee that I should kill a mountain goat within three days. It was a very tempting offer. The mountain goat and the "big horn," or Rocky Mountain sheep, are rapidly disappearing, and their capture offers a sport which all hunters covet. In a very few years from now it will seem a great deal (to one who loves hunting) to be able to say that he has killed a mountain goat. But I had just come from a very rough experience in the Selkirk mountains, I was sore and tired, and I had learned what "mountain work" means. I knew that in order to capture the mountain goat you must *hunt down* the mountain, that is to say, you must ascend to the top and work your way down, as the goats will always run up when hunted and if you are below them you will be sure to be left below them. "No, thank you," said I; "some other time I will accept your offer."

In the best hunting districts in British Columbia, and in all that vast region north of the settled parts of Canada, the wilderness is mainly as Nature left it. You travel either along a "trail" through the woods, or in a canoe on the rivers and lakes; seven-tenths of your time you cannot take a horse and do not want one, and unless you are a "make-believe hunter," like the rich noblemen of Europe who expect to have their work done for them and their game driven before their guns, you must take your full share of the hardship. By that I mean the work, the exposure, the fortunes of the chase, and the discomfort of living where the food is the simplest; water is often hard to find, a blanket forms your bed, a few boughs are your shelter, and cold, heat, insects, duckings, dirt and sprains come as they will. Any one of a dozen causes may prevent your making a fire,

and many and many a man has had to walk violently to and fro a whole night, after an exhausting day, to keep from freezing to death. But the contingencies—that is to say, the possibilities that go hand in hand with roughing it—are far too numerous to set down here. I met a civil-engineer last summer who started out for a three months' walk over the Rockies. After a time, when he was hundreds of miles from any settled place or house he slipped on a rock beside a mountain torrent and lost his bacon, his tea, his knife, and, in fact, all his outfit except a coffee pot and his gun and ammunition. Think what a plight that left him in! Another man told me he started out with a companion to make a day's journey in the mountains on snowshoes. The two were within half a mile of one another. One went through a narrow pass, and in a few minutes heard a crashing noise and, looking behind, saw that a vast body of snow had fallen from the side of the mountain, filling the pass and burying his companion beyond human help.

But those things one can take into account. The chances of a boat's upsetting, of a horse's stumbling, of a gun's bursting, of wettings and freezings and snow-slides and encounters with animals—you must take the risk of them cheerfully. And let me add that I have often heard soldiers, explorers, and hunters say that in the matter of pluck the city boy and man can oftener be relied upon to show plenty than country folks can. That is difficult to account for, but it has often been said, by men who have tried all sorts of their fellows in emergencies, that there is more will and moral strength and a greater store of reserved courage in city-bred than in country-bred persons. However, there are occasions when the trials of wild life out of doors demand some things that the country boy possesses more often and in greater degree than most city boys—these are wind, strength, and hardened flesh and muscles.

When I look back upon one terrible climb I made in the Selkirk mountains it seems to me beyond belief that any physical exercise should be so difficult. It amounted to climbing for hours up a flight of stairs formed of boulders, no two of which were of a size. They "teetered" and rolled about and were sometimes too far

apart, while at other times they were so big that it took a deal of work and trouble to get over them at all. And once in a while there would be one that you would scarcely expect a fly to climb up, to say nothing of the oozy, greasy bits of vertical earth up which I had to hoist myself by the help of twigs, bushes, branches, and tree-trunks. When I breathed, it was as if there was only a teaspoonful of air in my lungs, and the sun shone so hot through the clear, thin air that I was wet with perspiration. The air was so clear that objects apparently close at hand proved to be half an hour away, and the climbing reached on and up until a walk of thirty miles on level ground was as nothing beside it.

With the loss of breath all the strength in my body seemed to leave me. Of course I sat down—forty times. I think I must have sat down if a mountain lion were after me.

On my return I tried to cross a glacier—a vast frozen river of ice. It looked dirty and rough and as if it offered easy walking, but the dirt proved to be slippery, greasy mud, and the ice beneath it was smooth and wet, and there were awful blue and green cracks all about, like hungry mouths, big enough to swallow up an entire regiment. I fell and slid many times; and at last, worn out, bruised, wet to the skin, and grimed with mud, I turned and made my way to solid earth by crushing the rotten ice beneath my heels to get a purchase for each step.

Yet that was only like every other adventure in the mountains. On the forest "trail," or path made by felling trees, any one could travel, but whatever we wanted to do forced us to leave the trail, and then came the hard work, the slipping, the climbing, the slow fighting through bushes and thorns, the missteps and falls, the awful tax upon one's lungs. Creeping vines caught our feet and threw us heavily, rotten tree-trunks broke beneath us, muddy places swallowed up a too venturesome leg now and then, twigs tore our hats off—sometimes these happenings were

constant so long as we traveled; and this was whenever we hunted or fished or went even a few steps away from the trail on any errand whatsoever. When snow deeply covers such a country, as it did where I once hunted the moose in Ontario, all the roughness of wilderness travel is increased tenfold. It was humiliating and vexing to have to ask the long-legged, quick-footed Indians to halt every now and then, but I had to do it to get my breath.

I found a new way to tax my lungs last summer. It came in the course of paddling up a swift stream in a birchbark canoe. The straightforward paddling was tiresome enough, but it was not all straightforward. Here and there the river bottom would sink and the water would roar over rocks in its bed. At such places the Indians would take advantage of the "set



"CREEPING VINES CAUGHT OUR FEET AND THREW US HEAVILY."

back" and we would glide along a little way without work, but there was always one point, of course, where we must force the boat against the full, strong, swift current. Ah, then came a tug-of-war! We would fight the current with strong, vicious stabs of our paddles, full sixty to the minute. The perspiration would flow, the

breath would grow short, the muscles would endure. These were mosquitoes and black-tighten, and the boat would stand as still as if flies. They bit us as a Gatling-gun shoots or



ONLY OUT OF BREATH.

as grains of pepper shake out of a castor. In half an hour I was red hot, smarting all over, covered with lumps, itching as if I had been rubbed with poison-ivy. And yet I wore a calico bag over my head with a little apron on it to cover my neck, my face was smeared with pennyroyal, tar, and grease, and I sat in the smoke of a "smudge" or fire covered with grass and green leaves. It was nearly night and we put up a tent and filled it with smoke, then closed it tight and passed the flame of a candle all over the canvas walls to burn up the mosquitoes and flies that were resting there. We slept well and next morning essayed to fish. It was of no use. The insects almost drove us wild. There was no reason why we

it were pinned between rocks. There was no time to think, no breath to speak with — nothing to do but to fight with desperation. Jab, jab, jab with the paddles we went, like men fighting for life, one minute, two minutes, four minutes, then — ah! the boat shot ahead, and we fell back in our places, limp, breathless, spent, sore, fagged out.

We fought that stream all one day and for worse than nothing. When we got to the best fishing ground it looked precisely as if it was snowing. Billions of tiny white moths filled the air above the river, and were driven along before the breeze, hurrying forward, yet steadily sinking to cover the river as with snow. They were trout-flies, and were in such numbers as you never saw anything but sand grains or snowflakes. Yet in that same air were other things, unseen until we landed, that proved so frightful and vicious as to render life itself un-



MOSQUITOES AND BLACK-FLIES.

should endure the torture. We packed up our things and started back to the frontier, chased out of the forest by these winged imps. We saw some Indians "packing" freight over a

"portage" or neck of land between the river and a lake. Wondering how they could stand the pests, we paddled over to see them. They were in misery. Their faces and hands were swollen and their necks were raw and bleeding. We gave them our next to worthless bottle of "mosquito frightener," and their gratitude well repaid us.

But these are only incidents. Whoever tries roughing it must sleep out of doors; must expect to spend days of idleness in wretched habitations if there is crust on the snow or some other interference with hunting; must fare only on bacon and flapjacks and tea, without complaining; must endure heat, rain, sleet, bitter cold, thunder-storms and loneliness; must climb and toil; must carry a gun and a pack of food which

drag like lead; must work as no laborer ever had to work; must walk interminable distances; must be up by daybreak at the latest, and so on, through all the long category of the dangerous, disagreeable, and uncomfortable things that go to make up such a life.

The bright side of the subject you have all read. It is not exaggerated. When you come upon your game you forget all it has cost. When a four-pound trout is on your hook every fiber of your body thrills with pleasure. When you break a routine of bacon and flour with your first venison, or your first trout, you enjoy that meal as few kings ever enjoyed theirs. But it is not all fun; it is not a sixth part of it fun. And it is well to remember that it is not everybody who can stand it.



I saw a picture of myself-
to-day.

All dressed in white and-
yellow.

I think I see why people
always say:

"The funny little fellow!"





A queer little boy in the month of June,

Hung a swing for himself from the points of the moon,

He swung and swung till the moon grew round,

When the rope slipped off, and he fell to the ground.



THE TORPEDO-STATION AT NEWPORT.

BY JOHN OSBORNE.

WHAT a wonder-land for warlike imaginings is that little island in Newport Harbor called the "Torpedo Station." On it are but a few insignificant buildings; but in them is made nearly all the gun-cotton used in the United States navy.

Gun-cotton! It seems a peaceful name for a terrible explosive. How innocent it appears, done up in little round cakes. And yet that peaceful looking cotton is ready at the touch of the electric spark, or the slightest blow of a hammer, to rend great rocks or masses of metal that would resist three times the weight in powder.

Near the long, low buildings in which gun-cotton is manufactured, but separated from them by the massive walls of an old-time fortification, is the machine-shop of the station. Above the shop are lecture-rooms, and storage places for the various kinds of torpedoes used in the past. The specimens run from a model of David Bushnell's original torpedo, designed to blow up a British man-of-war in the Revolution, down to the types used in the great rebellion; and there are even working models of the kinds which will probably be used in the future wars of our country, should there be need of them.

In the large and well lighted lecture-room, those officers of our navy who are selected to "study up" this subject and become experts in handling these dangerous implements of war, frequently gather for instruction. Here they see not only plans and charts, but the real models themselves. The various methods of anchoring, buoying, floating, towing, or propelling torpedoes are carefully explained to them here. They learn also what substances make up the many deadly explosives used, and are taught to handle the wires, batteries, and other means of exploding them.

In the broad, beautiful bay, whereon the sunlight shimmers beneath the station windows, the classes lay mines and countermines, or send

the swift movable torpedoes tearing through the water in search of an imaginary enemy.

In the center aisle of the lecture-room, and hanging from the ceiling, are short portions of booms or spars bearing torpedoes on their ends. They are all large, ponderous, and black, and point down at you in so realistic a way that one looks anxiously about, fearing that a few may have caps on and be loaded. Some are round, some are cylindrical, others are oval; some are like great conical cans, others yet are pear-shaped.

On the floor, to the left, is a "mushroom torpedo," made to lie at the bottom of a bay, where a ship must pass over it. Beyond it is one shaped just like a great sunfish, with a tail-like rudder, and attachments known as side elevators, looking like fins. This is made to be towed by a chain fastened to a ring in what may be called its nose; and upon little rods sticking from its snout are caps, the touching of which means destruction.

On the right of the room is a reel on which is wound a long line. The line is to tow and direct the queer-looking towing-torpedo just beyond it, with the iron handle upturned. Next to this lies a "union," an arrangement from which a number of wires can diverge to a like number of torpedoes. The torpedoes can then be set off "in battery" or separately.

The long, white, pointed torpedoes are more modern, and are known as "Fish," "Log," and "Whitehead." Some of these are propelled by electric engines in the torpedo, connected to the shore by a wire which is paid out. Some of the torpedo engines work by soda-gas. In another sort, the machinery is kept in motion by a wire which is continually pulled from the coil in the torpedo by those on shore. The coil being thus revolved turns the machinery of the torpedo, so the harder you pull the faster it goes from you. Yet another is propelled by a heavy

iron wheel, which, revolving at wonderful speed, whole purpose of each device is to be quiet, is set spinning in the hollow torpedo shell, stealthy, obedient, and, above all, effective in and by gear-wheels operates the propeller. This action.



STORAGE-ROOM FOR TORPEDOES.

fly-wheel runs a long time. Perhaps you have seen toy locomotives run by the same method.

In fact, surrounding the visitor all kinds and shapes and sizes of queer-looking objects can be seen; but they are all torpedoes, and the

The entire collection is wonderfully interesting and instructive, but each of the terrible machines, although unloaded, has a certain dangerous air which is likely to give a timid visitor the "creeps."

JINGLE.

By W. S. REED.

Bow your little heads, daisies white, daisies white;
Bow your little heads, purple clover,
And shut your eyes up tight, for soon it will be
night —

The sun sets, and day-time is over.

Lift your little heads, daisies white, daisies white,
And open all your eyes, purple clover,
For the sun is coming up to cover you with
light,

And to tell you that the night-time is over.

THE MERRY OUTLAW, BOB O' LINCOLN.

By L. E. STOFIEL.

THE merry bobolink is one of the prettiest song-birds in the country. In Eastern Pennsylvania, along the Delaware, the bobolink is known as the "reed-bird," and is eagerly hunted by sportsmen.

You must likewise know that the bobolink has a third name—"rice-bird." That is what it is called in the Southern States. It is so named because it attacks the rice-fields and devours the grain. We of the North know little of the trouble it causes by this especial appetite. The magnitude of the depredations of the little bobolink can hardly be appreciated outside of the narrow belt of rice-fields along the coasts of a few of the Southern States. In innumerable hosts the birds visit the fields at the time of planting in spring, eating the seed-grain before the fields are "flooded," and then fly back north into Pennsylvania, New York, and New England, where they spend the summer. About the middle of August they commence to migrate south again, and swoop down upon the rice-fields once more, just at the time of harvesting the crop. What rice escaped in the spring now has little hope of surviving, for as the grain matures the birds pick it off in the face of the most desperate opposition.

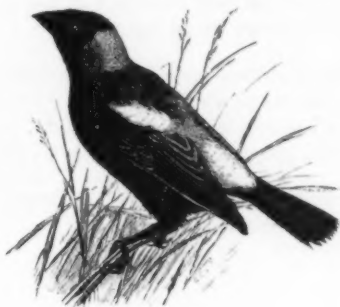
To prevent total destruction of the crop during these invasions, thousands of men and boys, called "bird-minders," are employed by the rice-planters; hundreds of thousands of pounds of gunpowder are burned, and millions of birds killed. Still the number of bobolinks invading the rice-fields each year seems in no way diminished, and the aggregate annual loss they cause is estimated by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Ornithologist of the United States Department of Agriculture, at \$2,000,000.

One of the largest rice-growers in South Carolina, Captain W. M. Hazzard, of Annandale, tells these interesting facts:

My plantation records will show that in the past ten years the rice-birds come punctually on the night of the

21st of August. All night their chirp can be heard passing over our summer-house. On the next three nights millions of these birds make their appearance, and settle down on our rice-fields. From that time until the 25th of September our every effort is to save the crop. Men, women, and boys are posted with guns and ammunition, one to every four or five acres, and shoot daily an average of about one quart of powder to a gun. This firing commences at the dawn of day, and is kept up until sunset. During the bird season we employ about one hundred bird-minders on this plantation, who shoot from three to five kegs of powder, of twenty-five pounds each. Add to this the cost of shot and caps, and you may know at what an enormous expense our fight with the bobolink is kept up. After all the waste of money, our loss of rice seldom falls below five bushels per acre, and through these pests of birds, rice-culture is rendered a hazardous speculation.

Between spring and late summer, when the bobolink is at the North, he displays none of



THE BOBOLINK.

these ruinous ways of his. He is all beauty and music. Sometimes he may plunder a corn-field slightly, but in Pennsylvania he is not guilty even of that slight offense. He is known on the farms of the North only as a bird most showy in his dress of black, white, and yellow feathers. The song of the bobolink is a peculiar, rapid, jingling, indescribable medley of sounds, started first by one bird, quickly followed by another and another, until the whole flock are engaged in a grand concert. Then, suddenly, without any apparent reason, they

all, at the same instant, stop. These delightful choral concerts endear them to the farmer boys and girls of Pennsylvania. The "mellow, metallic chink" the birds utter has given them a name to imitate their song—"bob-o-link." When the birds mate, the male appears to lose his vocal powers, and is heard to utter only a sharp, clinking note, like that of the female. And when they settle down to plundering a rice-field, they seem to have lost all their melody, for then they can only chirp.

Another strange thing about the bobolink is that he loves the darkness of night. They only migrate, or travel, at night. They winter in the West Indies, where they get so fat that

the natives have given them a fourth name—the "butterbirds."

Now, you know the habits of this masquerading little warbler. On his spring journey from the West Indies north, he robs the rice-fields of the Carolinas as they are being planted. Then he flies from justice to find a refuge in Pennsylvania and the North, where he suddenly puts on a quaint, coquetting air of sweetness, and wins the admiration and love of all who come within the sound of his voice. Then, suddenly, he takes on an evil mood, clothes it with darkness, and flies back to the rice-fields, where he spreads desolation all around, and increases the cost of rice in the cities of the North.

THE SONG OF THE THRUSH.

By C. P. CRANCH.

"Ah, will you, will you," sings the thrush,
Deep in his shady cover,

"Ah, will you, will you live with me,
And be my friend and lover?"

"With woodland scents and sounds all day,
And music we will fill you.

For concerts we will charge no fee.
Ah, will you—will you—will you?"

Dear hidden bird, full oft I've heard
Your pleasant invitation;

And searched for you amid your boughs
With fruitless observation.

Too near and yet too far you seem
For mortals to discover.

You call me, yet I cannot come,—
And am your hopeless lover.

Like all that is too sweet and fair,
I never may come near you.

Your songs fill all the summer air;
I only sit and hear you.



LEFT BEHIND AND FALLEN IN STRANGE COMPANY.

VACATION DAYS.

A STORY TOLD BY LETTERS.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.



EDITH.

I. FROM EDITH, THE ELDEST.

BYWOOD, MASS., July 2.

DEAREST MAMA: We arrived safely last night. The little ones were pretty tired after the long stage-ride, but this morning they are as bright as buttons, and have gone to pick wild flowers in the meadow. Cousin Eunice seemed glad to see us, and is *very* kind, though I think perhaps she is not much used to children.

She starts whenever they scream (and you know Agatha cannot *live* without screaming!) and asks whether "the little one is injured." I do hope they will be good, and I know they mean to be. Mammy, darling, of course I think of you every day in the hour, as Phil used to say. It seems very strange, does n't it? for us all to be scattered so, when we have never before been separated. But we can all be together, as you said, in think-

ing of Papa and each other. I try to remember all the things you said, and I do hope I shall be able to keep the little ones well and happy. How is our precious Baby? The mountain air will be so good for him, and for you, too; you seemed so pale and tired, as I looked out of the car window. My own Mammy! You *will* take the very best care of yourself—won't you? You know you promised. Next time I will tell you all about this lovely place; but Agatha wants to write now, and I must rule a piece of paper for her. Always and always, dearest Mammy,

Your very loving child, EDITH.

II. FROM THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD AGATHA.

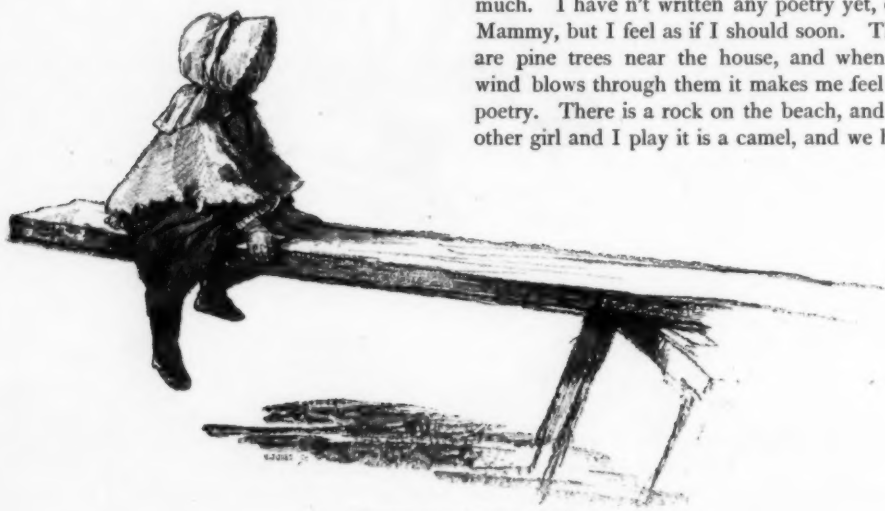
DEAR MAMMY: Ther is a cow her, And three pigs, and one is awl blak and one is awl whit and one is spotted. They skweel. I can skweel just lik them, but Cusin Unis dosnt lik it. She is nis, she gave me gam on my bread. I am very wel. I hop you are very well. Edith is wel too. She sais I mustnt do things a good eel

III. FROM MAY.

July 3.

DEAR MAMA: Edith and Agatha wrote yesterday, so it is my turn to-day. This is a lovely place, and I like it very much, only I wish you and Baby and Phil were here. Cousin Unice is funny and kind, and Vesta is funny, too. Vesta is the girl. I think she must be about a hundred. She calls me "Child of Mortality!" whenever I drop anything or tumble down. I have n't broken anything yet, but I fell down stairs yesterday, and dropped my hair-ribbon down the well this morning. Cousin Unice thinks I must be weakly, and wants to give me some kind of medicine that an old Indian used to make, but Edith told her I always fell down and dropped things. We have not been down to the beach yet, but Edith is going to take us soon. There is an old yellow horse called "Buckskin," and Cousin Unice says I may ride on him sometimes, when he is not hauling. They say "hauling" here for everything.

To-morrow is Fourth of July, and we shall not have any fireworks, but we don't mind much. I have n't written any poetry yet, dear Mammy, but I feel as if I should soon. There are pine trees near the house, and when the wind blows through them it makes me feel like poetry. There is a rock on the beach, and another girl and I play it is a camel, and we have



"THERE IS A SEE-SAW, TOO."

but I will be good be coz dear Papa is dead. It is a pity he is dead. Edith sais I must not say that but I wil be coz it *is* a pity. Ther is a see-saw too. I lik it. So good bi from AGATHA.

fine rides on it, for the grass is thin and short and pinkish, and the sand does very well for a desert. Edith is going to lend me her shawl for a caftan, and then we will have a sand-storm, and we

may kill the camel to get water out of him, but I am not sure yet. Now, good-by dear Mammy, from

MAY.

IV. FROM PHIL, THE BOY OF THE FAMILY.

PUMPKIN HOUSE, MONTANA, July 10.

DEAR MAMA: I have n't written before,

times; but I kick his shins under the table whenever he does it. He does n't make them very often, now.

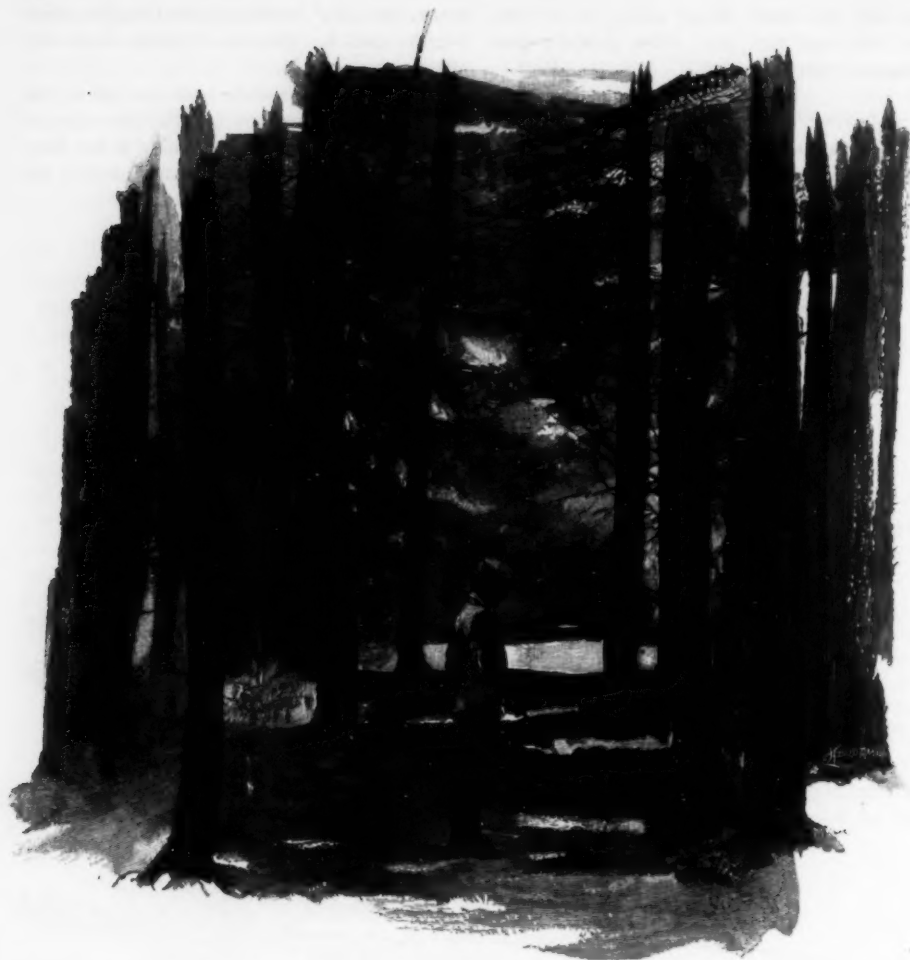
There are some woods near the house that remind me of home, and I walk there often. I have a tree-toad, and am taming it for May. I found it on a tree, and it was exactly the



"WE PLAY IT IS A CAMEL."

because I have been looking about me; you know you have to, when you go to a strange place. Uncle James had n't any name for the place, so I call it Pumpkin House, after that story of the two children who found a big pumpkin and lived in it, because it is bright yellow. I mean the house is. Uncle James is out on the farm all day, and so is Ned, and Aunt Caroline is sick. I fought with Ned yesterday because he said that I was nothing but a tenderfoot. It was about even, but I think I shall lick him next time, because I am practising with a bag of hay in the barn. I hang it from a beam and punch it. He makes faces at me at table some-

color of the bark. Then I brought it home in my pocket, and when I took it out it was nearly white. I put it in my bureau drawer, and when the girl was putting away my clean clothes, it jumped out and scared her, and she screamed like a house afire. She is a stupid girl, any way; but Aunt Caroline said I must take it out to the barn, or her nerves would be destroyed. I have found two or three strange moths—one of them a beauty, only I had to set them with common pins, for I forgot my butterfly pins. If you should go to Boston, will you please go to the shop and get me a box and send it? I chloroformed them.



"THERE ARE SOME WOODS THAT REMIND ME OF HOME, AND I WALK THERE OFTEN."

I must stop now. I hope Baby is all right again. Your affectionate son,

PHILIP STRONG.

V. FROM EDITH.

BYWOOD, July 20.

OWNEST MAMA: First I will say that May and Agatha are both sitting here beside me, as good as kittens, shelling peas; and *then* I will tell you what a fright we had yesterday about May. I thought she was with Cousin Eunice (she *was* when I left her), and Cousin Eunice thought she had come to me; but when dinner-

time came, the child was not to be found. Oh! Mamma dear, you can imagine how I felt. We hunted the whole house, from garret to cellar! We ran through the orchard and garden, calling and shouting. Dear Cousin Eunice was *so* kind, and kept thinking of one place and then another; but there was no sign of May. Agatha thought it was only fun, and kept singing,

"*She fell
Down the well!
Down the well
She fell!*"

which did n't make me feel any better. Oh, dear! At last a neighbor came in with some vegetables, and said he had seen a little girl with a pink frock running about in the meadow by the cliffs. Then my heart went down, and all my strength seemed gone for a moment; but next minute I thought of you, and then I *flew*! I could n't call, for my voice seemed all dried up in my throat; I just looked and looked, as I ran. I came to the meadow, and saw the cliffs, and the sea shining so blue and calm, and thought—but never mind what I thought, Mama dear. Just then I saw a spot of pink in the grass, quite near the edge of the cliff. I don't know how I got to it, but I did, and—Mammy! there was that child, lying down, as comfortable and quiet as if she were on the sofa at home. And when I came up, panting and gasping, and dropped on the grass beside her, she just looked up, with the "composition" look in her great blue eyes, and said:

"There is n't any good rhyme to 'silver,' is there, Edith?"

Well, I could n't do anything but cry. Of course it was very silly, Mammy darling, and I knew it all the time, but I suppose it was only natural. I could n't speak to tell May of our fright, and May, of course, did n't know what was the matter, and thought I had had bad news from you; and altogether it was a bad moment. But it is all right now, Mammy, and you may be sure it will *never* happen again, for I shall hardly let the child go out of my sight. I suppose she ought to have been punished, but yet—well, she had no idea that she was doing wrong, and I remembered dear Papa's "If the intention is good, never mind the result!" so I only explained to her what the danger was, and what a terrible fright we were in. Cousin Eunice talked to her, too, so wisely and sweetly! We all love her dearly. But old Vesta shook her head, and said: "Child of Mortality, ye'd oughter be spanked and put to bed!" and then gave us apple-turnovers all round, because we had "had a turn."

Your letter made us all happy next morning, and since Baby is well, and you rested and quiet, everything looks bright. Yes, dear, we are *very* happy here! A lovely, lovely place, flowers, and fields, and fresh air, and berries,

"THERE WAS THAT CHILD, LYING DOWN COMFORTABLE AND QUIET AS IF SHE WERE ON THE SOFA AT HOME."

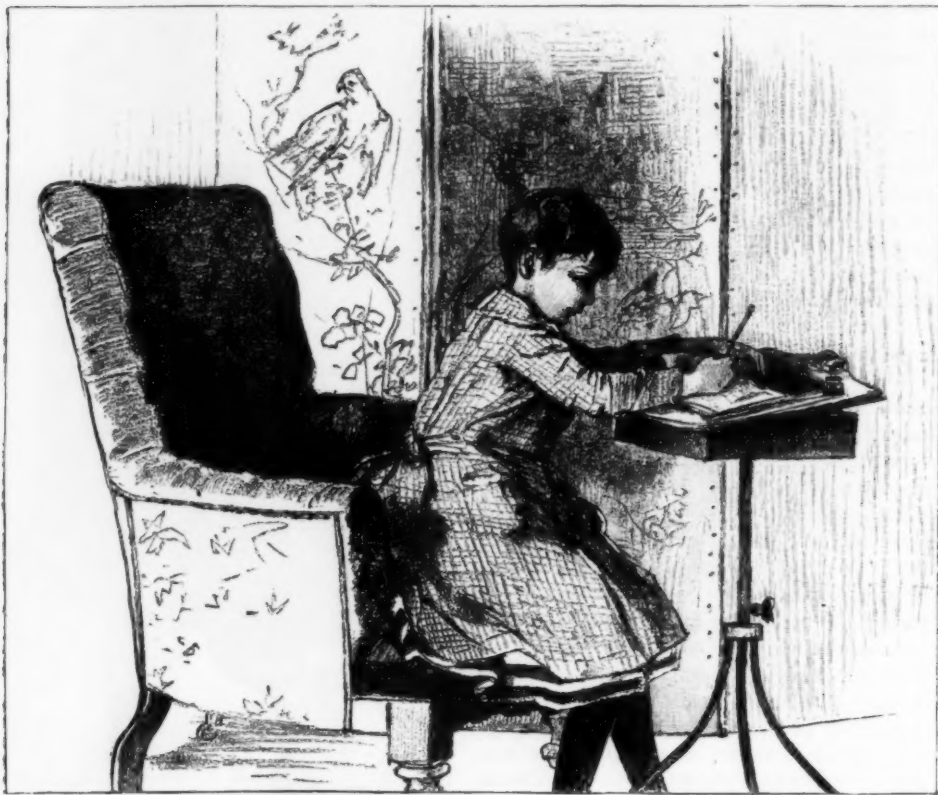


and the sea, and such *great* kindness! Only, of course, I do miss you dreadfully, and there would be no use in saying I did n't, because you would know better. Then—there is one thing more! I fear poor dear Phil is not happy in Montana. His letters are rather blue, and I don't think he gets on well with Uncle James's family. Could he possibly come here, Mammy

VI. FROM MAY.

BYWOOD, July 20.

DEAREST MAMA: I am very sorry they were frightened about me, but, of course, I should n't have fallen over the cliffs, so there was n't really any danger. I wanted to make a little song about the sea, so I went to look at it and be near it. I wish I could find a rhyme



"I WANTED TO MAKE A LITTLE SONG ABOUT THE SEA."

dear? Cousin Eunice says she would *like* to have him. Tea-time now, so good-by, my own dearest. Kiss our blessed Baby twenty thousand times for his and your

EDITH.

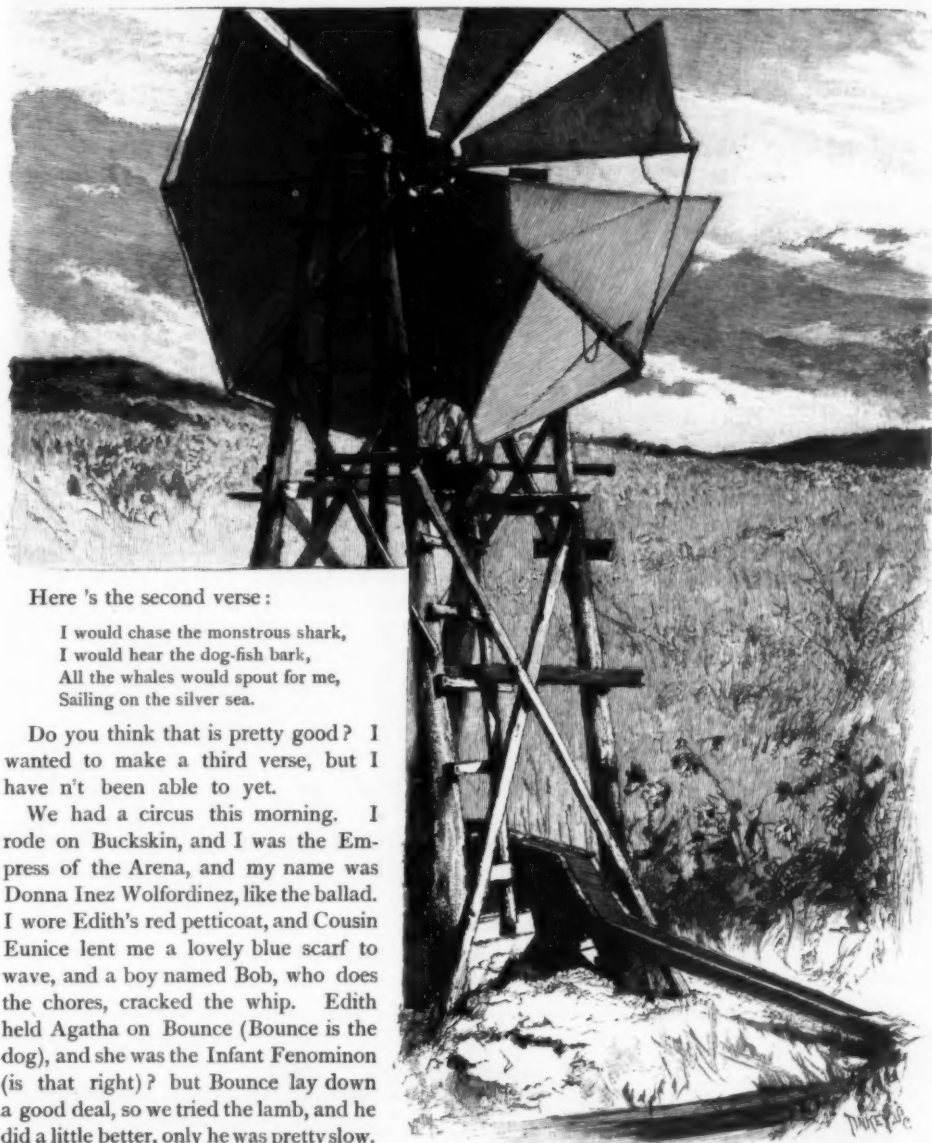
P. S.—I have finished "The Old Régime in Canada," and am beginning "Pontiac." Oh, how interesting it all is! Is n't Mr. Parkman a *great* historian? Everything is so clear, and so thrilling. I want to read *all* his books.

for "silver," but I can't, except "delver," and of course that won't do. I wanted to begin

"Sailing on a sea of silver,"

but I had to give it up, so I made this instead:

If I had a little boat,
I would sail and I would float
Like a rover proud and free,
All across the silver sea.



Here 's the second verse :

I would chase the monstrous shark,
I would hear the dog-fish bark,
All the whales would spout for me,
Sailing on the silver sea.

Do you think that is pretty good ? I wanted to make a third verse, but I have n't been able to yet.

We had a circus this morning. I rode on Buckskin, and I was the Empress of the Arena, and my name was Donna Inez Wolfordinez, like the ballad. I wore Edith's red petticoat, and Cousin Eunice lent me a lovely blue scarf to wave, and a boy named Bob, who does the chores, cracked the whip. Edith held Agatha on Bounce (Bounce is the dog), and she was the Infant Fenominon (is that right) ? but Bounce lay down a good deal, so we tried the lamb, and he did a little better, only he was pretty slow. It was great fun ! I must stop now, so good-by with love from
MAY.

VII. FROM LITTLE AGATHA.

DER MAMY : May dropt Ella into the pig sty, so we said she shuld be the pigs' dolly. Was n't that funny ? she had only one leg, and both

PHILIP IN THE WINDMILL. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

her arms was lost and her hed was broke, so we did n't care, but the pigs tryd to eet her and I skweeled, so Bob took her out. Bob made me a cart it is panted red it has too weels he sais I must be a boocher but I want to be a

tin pan man. He cam her yesty Cusn Unis bort
sum tin pans they are brite and she bort me a
plate with al fib bits on it. So now I will
say good bi. Good bi from AGATHA.

VIII. FROM PHILIP.

August 1.

DEAREST MAMA: I hope you will not be angry when I tell you that I have run away. I shall not send this till I have nearly got to Bywood, because I don't want you to be frightened. I could n't stay there any longer. That Ned was a perfect terror. He said that bats were birds, and when I said they were n't he said I lied and I knocked him down and made his nose bleed and broke one of his front teeth. (I'm sorry for *that*, but it could n't have been much of a tooth.) So Uncle James said he would flog me before all the farm hands, and I would n't stand that, so I ran away. You know he is n't my real uncle at all, and even if his first wife was my aunt I don't see what right he would have to do that. Do you? I am certain he had not. When I got a good way from the farm I hired out to a man to tend windmill. It was great fun! You have to oil it, and regulate the speed, and watch the troughs. And just think! one day I saw Uncle James, and I suppose he was looking for me, so I hid behind the sail, and he went right by and never saw me. I caught a gopher, and now he is so tame he stays in my pocket or sits on my shoulder. I did it while I was tending the mill. The man was very kind. In about a week he had to go to Chicago, on business, and I went with him. I had all the money you had given me for my fare back. He gave me—I mean the man did

—quite a sum of money, and his wife gave me such a lot of nice grub—I beg pardon! I mean food—to take with me, and a note to some other people on the way (they had a boy just my age who died, and they wanted to keep me, but of course I could n't stay), and so I had a splendid time. I'll tell you all about my journey, when I see you again. But at Chicago I found Uncle Dick just starting for the East, and he took me with him to New York. The rest was easy enough, and I shall get to Bywood some time to-morrow. So good-by, dear Mammy, with love from PHILIP STRONG.

TELEGRAM.

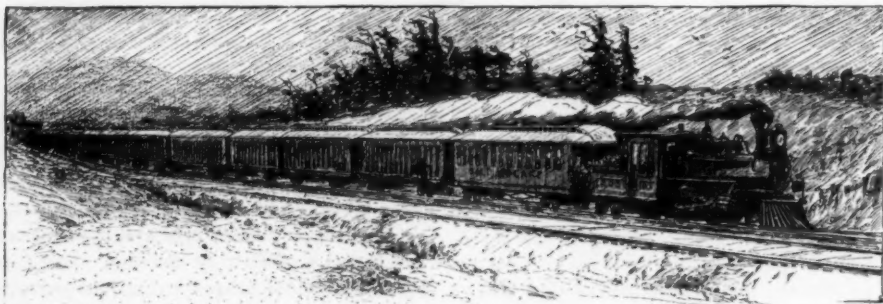
To Mrs. John Strong, Bethlehem, N. H.
Phil arrived last night. All well and happy.
See letter. EDITH STRONG.

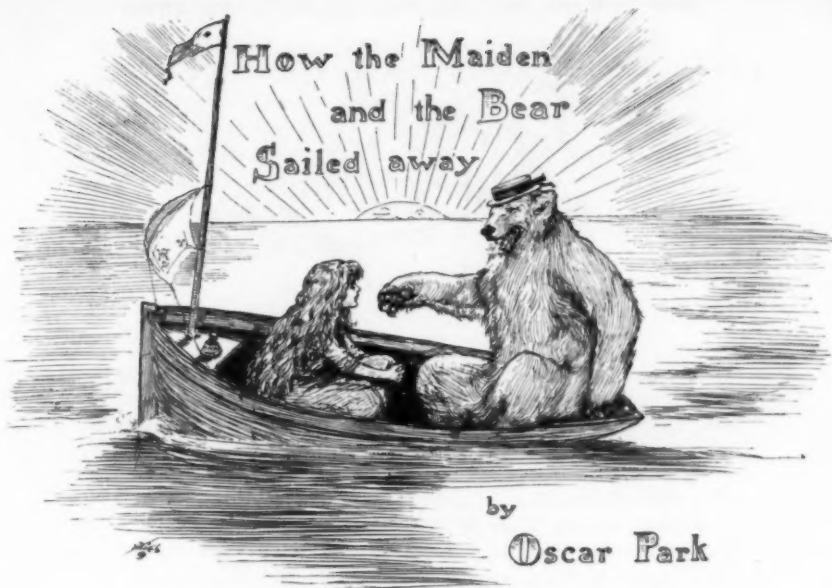
IX. FROM ALL FOUR.

BYWOOD, Aug. 3.

DEAREST DEAR MAMA: Please don't mind! We are all together, and we are *so* happy! Phil looks splendidly well, and Cousin Eunice is delighted with him. She is writing to you herself, but this is just a little line from all of us, to say how glad we are, and how jolly it is, and how we do hope you won't mind.

—Oh!!! Your letter has just come, saying that you and Baby will be here in three days. Oh! Mama, Mama! it seems too good to be true. We can't write any more, for we must go and dance the "Dance of Delight," which Phil invented when he got here. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Kisses and love from
EDITH,
PHIL,
MAY,
AGATHA.





(A NONSENSE RHYME.)

A MERRY little maiden with a wealth of golden hair
 Went out one day a-sailing with a friendly polar-bear.
 The maiden spread her handkerchief and made a jolly sail;
 The bear sat in the stern, and told an interesting tale.
 "Now this," the bear remarked to her, "is just what ought to be.
 We'll sail away and sail away until we cross the sea,
 And I will be the captain, while you shall be my mate;
 I'm sure a boat like this cannot be hard to navigate."
 So on they sailed and sailed away and never knew a care,
 This merry little maiden and the friendly polar-bear.

But after many days the wind began to blow a gale,
 And all the crew were ordered up aloft to shorten sail.
 "Dear me!" the merry maiden cried, "how miserable I feel!"
 "You must not speak," the captain said, "to him wot's at the wheel.
 Now throw the cargo overboard as quickly as you can;
 We've got to lighten ship at once or perish to a man!"
 Oh, then the captain looked at her and she looked back at him,
 And each remembered, suddenly, that neither one could swim.
 They looked to windward, fore and aft; there was no help in sight.
 They felt that all their beaming hopes must suffer early blight.
 At last the captain, sobbing, said, "I might eat you, my dear;
 And that would lighten half the weight at once, 't is very clear."
 "Excuse me," said the mate, "I think the better plan would be
 To cut off all your bushy hair and fling it in the sea."
 "No sooner said than done," said she, and straight her scissors plied,
 And snipped away until the bear had lost his shaggy hide.

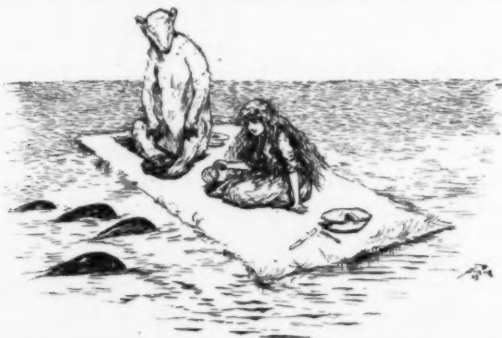


"AND STRAIGHT HER SCISSORS FLEW."

They saved the hair, however, and they made a goodly raft,
Then sailed away and sailed away on that fantastic craft;
And when the captain's temperature without his coat grew low,
He boxed the compass for a while and got in quite a glow.

They studied navigation, and they passed some hours away
In teaching schools of porpoises to tell the time of day,
But made so little headway, since they could not sail nor row,
They begged a whale, that happened by, to take the raft in tow.
But suddenly the whale he dived, and disappeared from view,
And left them floating on the sea, this shipwrecked crew of two.

Then said the bear: "The very thing we ought to do just now,
Is to go and furl the mizzen-shrouds and lash them to the bow."
Then they gave the keel a luff or two and brought the jibs about;
They took an observation and sat down to work it out.
That night the captain kept the watch. They had but one, you see,
And he forgot to wind it, so they drifted far to lee;
And when the morning broke they saw the breakers just ahead,



"TEACHING SCHOOLS OF PORPOISES TO TELL THE TIME OF DAY."

Yet not a solitary spot where they could heave the lead.
They drifted on! — they felt a crash! — the boat began to sink!
When suddenly the mate remembered she had saved the ink.
She rushed below, — she got the ink, — she poured it on the waves,
And thus alone that hapless crew were saved from watery graves.

She took a pen and dipped it down into that inky sea ;
 She wrote a line,—threw it ashore,—'t was caught, and thus you see
 They all were drawn quite safe to land, the captain and his crew,
 And lo ! they found they were in France and had to "*parlez-vous.*"
 "Now this," the bear remarked to her, "is just what ought to be ;
 We've sailed away and sailed away until we've crossed the sea."
 And they started off to view the land,—this friendly polar-bear
 And the merry little maiden, with the wealth of golden hair.



CHAN OK ; A ROMANCE OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

By J. O. DAVIDSON.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ESCAPE.

NEXT day was bright and beautiful ; but Frank Austin was kept a close prisoner, though he occasionally caught glimpses of the fleet following in their leader's wake. Twice during the day they passed heavily laden traders northward bound ; but all were allowed to go by unmolested. Strange behavior for pirates, Frank thought, as he saw the prizes glide by without being even hailed.

Toward nightfall land was sighted, and the fleet hove to in a deep and narrow passage between two islands. Evidently some important work was to be done here ; for busy preparations were made by the crews, and boats

passed from junk to junk carrying the long grass hawsers which Frank had seen on the beach while he was at the settlement. After dark, he saw a line of glimmering lights stretching over the water on both sides of the chief's junk, as if the fleet had formed a line of battle. What could it all mean ? No foe was in sight, and they were still at some distance from the land. How quiet everything seemed on board ! But for an occasional footfall on the deck above, Frank would have thought the craft deserted. His lonely watch and the gentle rolling of the boat wearied him, and he fell asleep.

How long he slept he did not know. He was suddenly awakened by the distant sound of a steamer's whistle. The deep boom of the deck-gong then sounded above, and was immediately followed by sharp orders from the



THE PIRATES CLOSING IN UPON THE FRENCH STEAMER.

officers; then came the surge of the sweeps, and Frank knew, from the bustle, that the crew were casting loose the guns.

"Can it be the gunboat on their track?" Frank asked himself, but at once remembered that the pirates would hardly dare to meet her in open fight. Again the steamer's whistle reached him; but now she was much nearer. One, two, three—four short blasts, followed by a long one.

"That means 'Clear the track!' Something is in her way," said Frank to himself.

The thud, thud of the propeller and the rush of water at the steamer's bows could now be heard.

Suddenly the shout of a man came clear and distinct through the night air saying in French:

"Port your helm! Stop her! Back her! For your life, be quick! We're among pirates!"

Then the steamer's bell clanged twice, and Frank heard the reversing of the engines. He rushed to the window and looked out. For a moment all was still; then came a terrific crash, the sound of rending planks, and the surging of spray, with a shock that almost threw him off his feet. The explosion of heavy guns succeeded; and, by the light of the discharges, Frank saw

the shadowy form of a large iron steamer alongside, completely surrounded and hemmed in by the fleet of junks, whose crews he could see swarming over her sides with weapons in hand.

Darkness, powder, and smoke soon obscured the scene. No more cannon were fired, but the confused noise of a struggle reached his ears, mingled with the reports of firearms, of battle-cries, and then—savage yells of exultation from the pirates.

At length he heard the noise of escaping steam from the captured steamer's safety-valve. Frank, horror-stricken at the fearful tragedy taking place so near him, crouched on his prison floor, fervently hoping that the strangers might yet manage to escape from their deadly peril.

Suddenly he felt a touch on his shoulder, and a well-known voice hissed in his ear, "Quick! Cap'n Frank, for your life, follow me!"

He turned and beheld the swarthy form of Kanaka Joe, crouching on the floor, dripping wet, and with a coil of rope wound about his body.

Silencing Frank's cry of astonishment, Joe motioned him to one of the stern windows, from which Frank saw that a bar had been wrenched. Fastening the rope to a ring-bolt both slid down by it, Frank going out first,

and dropped into a sampan* hardly distinguishable through the smoke of the conflict still raging fiercely above them.

Stunned and bewildered, Frank stumbled into a seat, and grasping the oar that was thrust into his hand commenced rowing with all his strength. Joe's sinewy back swayed to and fro before Frank, as he, also, bent to the work. A few moments' hard pulling, and they left behind them the smoke of the conflict, and not till then did Frank notice that Proddy was behind him rowing, while old Ben Herrick stood astern, abaft the cuddy, steering.

"Give way, my lads, give way!" cried Ben; "we'd better get well clear of this neighborhood as soon as we can!"

Behind lay a confused mass of drifting smoke in which could vaguely be seen the masts and spars of the vessels; while the occasional fitful gleam and dull report of firearms showed that resistance was still being made to the robbers. Soon, however, all sounds of conflict ceased, and everything was dark again.

For two hours more they kept on their way until exhaustion compelled them to rest.

"We ought to be thankful for our deliverance, Mr. Frank!" exclaimed Ben, reverently, as he extended his honest hand to his commander. "I little thought our stay with those thieves would be so short!"

"But, Ben, I did not know you and the boys were with the fleet. How did you come to be with us?" asked Frank eagerly.

"Well, sir, if you'll let me take a spell at your oar, I'll spin you the yarn; and simple enough it is."

After changing places with Frank, Ben began his story:

"The day you had me eased of that hard labor I had nothing to do but to wander around gathering all the information I could about this here expedition; and, although I could not understand much of their lingo, I heard enough to convince me it was our only chance to get away. So I consulted with Joe and Proddy, and consequently they were of the same mind. Just before they started that evening, we slipped into a boat with some coils of rope and casks that had been forgotten, chucked the boat-keeper

over, and rowed out to the fleet. We hardly knew what to do after we got there; but it would not do to go back, so Joe puts on a bold face, and picking out the smallest junk he tells her crew as how the chief had ordered us to sail in her. It was easy enough to hide ourselves, after we once got aboard, until they got to sea; and then it was too late to send us back. They kicked us about a good deal and made us work; but they said nothing to the chief



FRANK'S ESCAPE.

about our being there, and that made everything right so far. You know the rest."

"Why, no, I don't," replied Frank. "What was all this fight for, to-night?"

"Well, Joe says that he heard the men talking of a French steamer they expected to lay a trap for between two islands. I suppose that must be the steamer they took to-night."

"But how could they stop a powerful steamer like that? Why did n't she go around them?"

"Why, you know, Mr. Frank, those steamers don't turn out for junks. They just blow the whistle, and then run 'em down. Well, know-

* A light skiff, sometimes with a matting roof, usually propelled by a sail, or sculled.

ing that fact, these cunning chaps just fastened all their fleet together with those big grass hawsers we saw them making. The steamer's look-out mistook us for a sleepy lot of traders, becalmed.

"At first they were going to sheer out of our way, but the pirates rowed their junks right across their bows, an' so she tried the usual way—running them down.

"When she struck, she smashed the middle junks to match-sticks. Thunderation!—how the timbers flew! But those, you see, were old, rotten hulks, with no one on board. It was then these grass cables came into play; for they held the wrecked junks together, and the steamer's headway made the rest of them fall back on both sides of her like a mass of kelp weed. As soon as they came alongside the steamer, the pirates chucked a lot of old cordage and fish-nets under her stern, and fouled the propeller. But long before that, there were three hundred or more of the yellow rascals on her decks, armed with their terrible knives and the Frenchmen stood no chance whatever!"

"Horrible!" exclaimed Frank.

"Yes, sir, bad enough; but you see, if European steamers had n't that reckless way of running down the junks, this thing would not have happened. It was a clever trick, though, we must confess."

Before Ben had finished his story, the gray streaks of dawn appeared, and the sun rose in splendor over the expanse of blue water. Low down on the horizon lay the two islands; and near them, almost under the sun, a few specks indicated where the pirates' fleet was busy with its capture.

"Ay, there they are, the thieves!—taking her off to rob at their leisure!" growled Ben as he gazed after them.

"It 's pretty hard work, this rowing; and it 's a pity to lose this fine breeze," said Frank, turning to the mate. "Ben, don't you think we might rig up some sort of a sail?"

"Well, we might; but there is nothing on board but a small bundle of canvas, here in a locker. We might make out by using our coats and shirts, and such few things as we can spare!" So saying, Ben went to work and, with a sailor's ingenuity, soon finished a contri-

vance which all heartily laughed at, but which nevertheless held the wind, and caused the boat to run merrily through the water.

"There!" said Ben, eying his work aloft with great satisfaction, "it 's not much of a craft, with that lug; but I think, as we 're laying a good course, we 'd better beat all hands to quarters, and give you the command of the ship, sir"; and he made a bow as respectful as if Frank were the captain of a man-of-war, just going into commission.

"All right, Ben. I shall take command," replied Frank, laughing; "and as there are only four of us, we can all be officers. You can be lieutenant, Ben; Joe, second-officer; and Proddy, chief cook. As we 're all hungry, the chief cook had better get us some breakfast!"

Proddy drew a long face, and announced that two pounds of rice, a keg of water, and some salt-fish was all their larder afforded.

"We had to steal this boat, and get off during the fight, sir; and I 'm afraid we overlooked the provisions entirely, not thinking of anything at the time but how to escape," said Ben, ruefully.

"Well, gentlemen, I suppose we shall have to go on short rations immediately," said Frank, with as much cheerfulness as he could command; "for we have a long journey before us, and must not waste a grain of rice."

Dividing out their first day's food, they had just enough left for one day more.

CHAPTER IX.

ON THE SAMPAN.

ALL day long they relieved each other at the oars, and managed the sail so as to catch every breath of wind that favored their northward course. As soon as relieved, each crawled under the thatched roof of the cuddy and instantly fell asleep. Those on duty kept a careful watch for any passing sail, but saw nothing more than the distant clouds, or the dip of a white gull's wing.

After an anxious night's watching, the second morning broke as clear, bright, and beautiful as the preceding, but its very serenity was a source of anxiety; for without wind or rain their death was certain before long. Indeed, the last morsel of food and the last drop of water were

consumed that day, and as the evening stars came out starvation stared them in the face.

Next day, at noon, Joe contrived to catch a few little fish that had sheltered themselves under the shade of some floating sea-weed. These they divided and ate raw; but all their efforts to tempt some sea-birds within reach of a bamboo pole were unavailing. The long, hot afternoon wore away, and still they toiled at the oars. They looked for rain, but in vain. They kept watch for a sail; still nothing but a waste of blue water and feathery, floating clouds met their gaze.

Again the sun set in golden glory; the constellation of the Southern Cross blazed out in the heavens, and the cool night winds crept gently over the unruffled water.

The morning of the fourth day found them too exhausted to toil at the oars, so one kept watch while the rest crawled into the cuddy to forget their hunger, if possible, in sleep. Little was said as they relieved each other on the watch, for their parched mouths almost refused to form words, and as they avoided one another's desperate eyes, they all felt the end could not be long delayed.

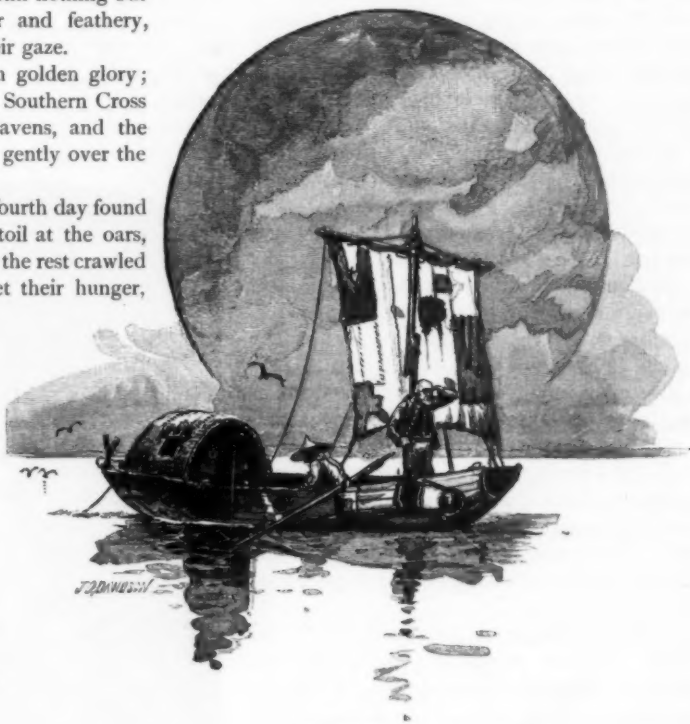
The spectacle they presented was pitiful indeed. The rude, patched sail flapped lazily against the mast as the old boat turned its prow slowly from point to point, as if seeking some sign of relief from the stillness around. In the cuddy lay Frank and Joe, stupefied with hunger and utterly exhausted, and Proddy sat listlessly on the thwart. Old Ben, with his gray locks hanging in tangled masses about his head, leaned feebly against the mast and gazed with restless eyes around the horizon.

Strange to say, the old man had withstood privation better than his younger companions.

Possibly his long, rough life at sea had rendered him less sensitive to suffering.

At all events, while his companions dozed, Ben still watched. The evening's chill settled over the water. Just as the light was fading from the sky, Ben struggled to his feet and, steadying himself against the mast, gazed long and earnestly at a thin, dusky haze stretching along the horizon.

"Can that be land?" he huskily muttered,



BECALMED.

"or is it the smoke of a steamer? I'll not wake the boys yet. Disappointment now would kill them."

He continued to gaze at the hazy cloud as the darkness closed around. An hour passed; and though the boat turned slowly about, now pointing this way, now that, becalmed on the glassy water, the old man still kept his eye on that one point where he had seen the dusky line. Presently his patience was rewarded by the sight of a faint point of light like a tiny star

resting on the water; but it was yellower in color than the stars above.

"Thank Heaven!" the old sailor whispered as he tottered aft. "Ay, sleep away, my lads! You'll soon be out of this trouble."

So saying, he softly opened a locker and drew forth a lot of oakum, rags of canvas, and a few chips of wood. These he carried forward in a pannikin, which he fastened in the bows. Then he produced from his pocket a quaint-looking, circular Chinese mirror of polished metal, and carefully rubbed it bright with a bit of flannel. The distant light was now much nearer, and another could be seen somewhat lower than the first. "Ay, ay! there's her masthead-light and her bow-light," exclaimed Ben; "and now I see her red light to port. The starboard green light is hid yet, so she must be a large steamer. Hullo! there's her green light now. She's changed her course somewhat. She is coming head on. Guess I'd better show my glim."

So saying, he touched a match to the mass in the pan, and it instantly burst into a bright flame.

"Fire, fire!" came in husky tones from the cuddy, as Frank sat up, dazzled by the glare.

Ben touched him on the shoulder and, pointing to the distant light, uttered but one word:

"Safe!"

Joe and Proddy, who had now crawled out, comprehended the situation instantly, and stood watching eagerly, as Ben, standing behind the fire, reflected the glare in the little mirror and flashed its light far out into the darkness toward the steamer.

"Hush!" whispered Joe, leaning over the boat's side and putting his ear close to the water. "Propeller, Massa Frank. P. and O. steamer. Listen!"

Sure enough, before long the "thud, thud," of a propeller wheel came faintly to their ears. At this the weakened crew attempted a cheer, but their voices were so faint they produced only a shrill, feeble cry. So they gave it up and busied themselves in feeding the fire with such things as they could lay their hands on. In their eagerness they even tore off the cuddy thatch and split up the seats to keep up the fire.

"Golly, Massa Frank!" exclaimed Proddy, "we'll burn up the boat befo' dey gets here!"

"Never mind, lads; it's our last chance,"

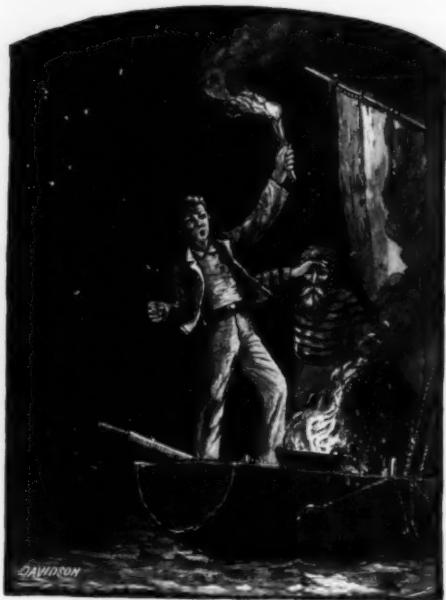
cried Ben, as he snapped an oar to feed the flames. "Pile everything on. Hooray, lads! they see us! Here they come."

In a few minutes the great hull of a large steamship emerged from the darkness, and she slowed up within a hundred yards, her many lights twinkling from her open ports, while numerous figures could be seen clustered about the decks.

"Boat ahoy! Do you want any help?" came in ringing tones over the water.

"Yes! Yes!" cried the castaways all at once; but their voices were so husky and shrill that they could hardly have been heard on the steamer.

Fearing they were to be deserted, Frank seized a brand from the fire and, waving it



"HELP, HELP!"

above his head in despair, managed to call out, "Help, help!" and then, overcome by the exertion, fell back into the arms of Ben.

The rattling of blocks and tackle now was heard from the steamer as the crew sprang to lower the life-boat, and the officer's orders from the bridge were audible as he directed the men; but all other sounds were presently drowned by the roar of steam from the safety-valve.

An instant later the stanch life-boat ran alongside the small craft. It was not a moment too soon, for the neglected fire had reached the woodwork of the sampan and she was all ablaze forward.

The rescued castaways were helped into the life-boat, and Frank was tenderly laid in the stern-sheets.

"Quick, men! Shove off!" ordered the officer, for all the bow of the sampan was now in flames. The sail, too, had caught, and from it were dropping blazing fragments, which hissed as they were extinguished in the inky water.

The steamer's side was soon gained, the tackle hooked on, boat, crew, and all were run swiftly up to the davits, and the rescued men were taken into the cabin, where they received the best attention the steamer could afford.

The rescuing vessel had meanwhile resumed her headway, and left the blazing craft to fade into the distance, where the smoke and flame from her burning hull and mast rose like a luminous column straight upward into the darkness, like a warning finger pointing to the midnight sky.

The kindly care of their rescuers soon restored the exhausted men to health, and, three days later, they were landed at Hong Kong.

Immediately on arriving they repaired to the company's office, where their appearance created the greatest astonishment, as all believed that they had perished in some gale.

Frank was ushered into the agent's office, and to him the young captain recounted his adventures in detail.

When he had finished, the agent shook him warmly by the hand, saying that the company would gladly have paid double the required money to get him back; but now that they had been saved so large a ransom (which would have been a total loss, in addition to the cost of their junk) by Herrick's and Joe's foresight in affording Frank the means of escape, he would amply reward the men for their devotion.

On being called from the outer office the three came awkwardly in, hats in hand; but Joe paused a moment at the door, and stepped on the rich carpet only after much coaxing.

"The lad has n't been used to such fine footing," Ben explained in apology.

"Well, my lads," said the agent, "I hear an excellent report from Mr. Austin of your devotion to him and to the company's interests. You shall not be unrewarded."

"We did no more than our duty, sir, in getting him out of the clutches of those villains," replied Ben, "and it was Joe, here, sir, that put the notion into our heads. He's a fine fellow is Joe, sir, and Proddy, too,—if he *is* only a cook."

At this both Joe and Proddy grinned, looking very embarrassed and uncomfortable.

"I see you are all modest, and the carpet seems too hot for Joe, so I won't keep you waiting," said the agent, laughing. Then ringing a bell, he told the porter to summon all the employees in the offices. In a moment or two all the clerks and others were assembled, wondering what was on hand.

In a few words the agent gave them an outline of our friends' adventures, and highly praised them for their faithfulness. Then, turning to Ben, he said:

"Ben Herrick, in this affair you have behaved with a courage, bravery, and fidelity proverbial among men of your class, and I take pleasure in now extending to you, and to your two mess-mates, Proddy and Joe, the thanks of the company, and also a more substantial reward."

He then handed to each a considerable sum in gold, in addition to their regular wages.

"Thank ye, sir," replied Ben. Then he added severely, "Proddy, stop your staring, and say 'Thank ye' for your present!"

Joe had already made a low obeisance after the manner of his people.

All the employees now crowded about to congratulate them, and Ben, flourishing his hat, called for "Three cheers for the agent, Captain Austin, and the company!" Three rousing "Hurrahs!" followed, and as all filed out Ben was heard to say, "Proddy, you lubber of a sea-cook, where were your manners?—you acted like a fool!"

"Golly, Massa Ben," answered the good-natured fellow, "I was done gone a'most crazy for shuah, when he give me all dis money."

"Now, Mr. Austin," said the agent, when they were alone together, "please accept from me this token of appreciation. I know you are

going to say that you lost your ship and cargo, and do not desire to take any present; but, I assure you, you have done us a great service in putting us on the track of the worst pirate in these seas. This man has caused us such losses that if we succeed in destroying him we shall consider this last loss as nothing!"

So saying he drew from his finger a handsome ring.

"Now, sir," continued he, "we had better lay your information before the proper authorities, so that they may lose no time in starting one of their swiftest cruisers on the track of these piratical gentlemen."

(To be continued.)

THE TWINS.



"How queer it is that we should look
So much like one another!
Most people get us all mixed up—
They can't tell me from brother,
And no one's certain which is which
Excepting only—mother!"

Jessie B. McClure.

THE SWIMMING-HOLE STORIES.

BY WALTER STORRS BIGELOW.

V. A HORNETS' NEST.

My mother had come to spend the month of September with Charlie's mother, and had brought my younger brother, Robert. I was attending school with Charlie, because there was only a District School in the village where we lived. But Robert's eyes were not strong, and the doctor had said that for the present he must not study. Charlie and I wished that we could have weak eyes, too. When we were kept at home by illness, we were generally so light-headed, or so shaky in the legs, that we could n't have any fun. But a boy with weak eyes could play just the same as usual.

One evening soon after the Revolution in school, mother called us aside just as we were starting for bed.

"This afternoon," said she, "Charlie heard some of the boys talking over a plan to frighten you and Robert to-morrow. He wanted to warn you without tattling, and asked me to give you a hint. Then you can look out for yourselves. Now, I will ask you one question. Do hornets ever build their nests down near the water? You need n't answer, but you may think about it, and talk it over."

So off we went upstairs, puzzled. Do hornets ever build their nests down near the water? What a queer question!

"Last one in bed puts out the light!"

We had walked very slowly upstairs, but at this challenge from me we both began to undress with great speed. Our coats came off together, and then our collars—neck and neck. Down we went on the floor, like a well-drilled regiment's "Order arms!" and began to unlace our shoes in unison. The rights came off together; but, with too hasty fingers, I pulled the end of my left shoestring through the loop. I was the one to put out the light—after that knot was untied, and then I crawled in beside

my little brother, who would much rather not have won by a "foul."

Soon we began to talk over the mysterious question, Do hornets ever build their nests down near the water?

"Do you suppose the boys will play they're hornets, and sting us with big thistles!" asked Bobby, with an anxious voice.

"Perhaps so; but they won't dare try it if Ned Barnes is there."

"If he is n't, I won't go in," said Bobby, in the tone of one who has made up his mind.

"We'll go down, anyway. Perhaps there's a real hornets' nest, and we may find it. We can tell by the way the boys act, what to do."

The next afternoon, much to our relief, Ned Barnes came down to the swimming-hole soon after our arrival there, and Bobby and I did not feel obliged to sit and watch the other boys having all the fun. There was whispering among the boys, but we knew what it was about, and were ready for any trick they might dare play while Ned was there. This was Bobby's first visit to the spot, but he could swim like a little duck, and was to be our companion, instead of joining the paddlers of his own age in the shallow water, up stream.

For all my little brother's bright blue eyes were not strong, they were a much better pair of observers than mine; and if there were a hornets' nest to be seen, I depended chiefly on him to discover it.

This time I was undressed first, taking care about my shoestrings; and after the usual ceremonial soaking of my brown hair with water, and burying my browner face in a double handful of it, I dived into the deep hole.

I have already told how the current would carry us swiftly under the big tree that projected above the stream, and how we would clutch it and thereon reach the bank. But this time, as I came up, turned on my back, and was borne

under the tree, I saw, hanging out from the down-stream side of the trunk — IT!

I did n't clutch the tree, but floated past, scrambled out on the bank below, and hastened to where my brother was about to make his maiden plunge into our swimming-hole.

"Wait, wait, Bobby!" I cried, in a hoarse whisper. "I want to tell you something. The nest is on that big tree. You dive once, so 's not to seem afraid; but get to land without touching the tree. Then we 'll go home."

The other boys were so busy that, when Bobby had made his plunge, we quietly dressed and slipped away unnoticed.

When Charlie arrived about tea-time, he asked me:

"What was the matter with you this afternoon? Why did you come up to the house so early?"

"Oh, you need n't pretend," said I. "You were a trump to give us that hint."

"What about?"

"Aw! you know. About the hornets' nest on the trunk of the big tree."

"There is n't any nest on the tree, that I know of. There was one on the old stump up by the shallows, yesterday; and the fellows meant to have some fun with you by knocking it off, and making the hornets mad. But some 'one else destroyed it before we got there this afternoon."

"But I saw a nest on the tree myself," I insisted.

"Why did n't the rest of us see it, then?"

"You would have seen it if you 'd been on the lookout, as I was; and I wonder you did n't see it, anyway."

"But don't you suppose that some one of the boys would have hit it when he pulled himself out of the water?"

"I should think so. I saw it only just in time to keep from hitting it myself."

"I believe you only imagined you saw a nest, because you were afraid. Just as people afraid of ghosts are always thinking they see 'em."

"I was n't afraid. Come down there and I 'll show it to you."

"All right, but I know you won't find any nest."

So that evening, after tea, Charlie, Bobby, and

I went again to the swimming-hole. When we reached the stream, our shoes and the lower ends of our trousers were soaked with dew from the long meadow grass through which we had waded. It was nearly dusk. We got down on our hands and knees at the edge of the bank below the tree, and peered at the place we had come to look at, and there saw — a big, brown, warty knot on the trunk. In all the times I had seen the trunk of that tree, I had never noticed the knot; but I had never before been looking out so sharply for a hornets' nest.

Charlie and Bobby looked at each other, but they both kept still — so still, in fact, that they made me nervous. But they were very good about it, and the chaffing I expected never came.

The way back seemed to me a great deal longer than that we had come, though it was over the same ground. Across the meadow it was slightly up hill from the stream, and perhaps that was the reason. The long grass matted and tangled before us, and our shoes ripped through it as we crossed the meadow in the growing darkness.

We were so tired when we reached home that we went straight up to bed, talking over the events of the day.

"Now let 's go to sleep, Bobby," said I, at last. "Good night."

"Well, good night," said Bobby.

"Good night."

"Good night."

"There; did you hear the clock strike nine? Well, after nine o'clock we must n't talk. I 'll say good night, and then we 'll stop. Good night."

"Good night," echoed Bobby.

"You ought n't to answer me, when it 's so late. You 've said good night, and now I 'll answer, and then we must go to sleep. Good night."

"Good night," said Bobby.

"Why do you keep on answering? Suppose we say it together, after I count three."

"All right," said Bobby.

"Now, then. One, two, three —"

"Good — night!" we both exclaimed, together.

In three minutes more we were sound asleep.

THE STORY OF THE "CENTURY" CAT.

By MARY F. HONEYMAN.



"So Tiberius might have sat
Had Tiberius been a cat."

PROBABLY most ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls have a favorite cat or kitten, maybe a whole family of these furry friends. And perhaps the lively interest taken in their home pets will be extended to the big silver-gray Maltese pussy whose portrait stands at the head of this page.

His experiences have been somewhat different from those of cats in general. In the first place, he began life very high up in the world; that is to say, in the seventh story of the building which is the home of the ST. NICHOLAS magazine. At an early age he went into business, not as an office boy, but as an office cat; for mice were plenty in the great building, and their sharp little white teeth did much mischief in nibbling the backs off the magazines for the morsel of paste that secures the cover. And these mice, perhaps knowing more than most mice, having been familiar with good literature

all their days, just laughed at mouse-traps, no matter how temptingly baited with toasted cheese, and refused to be caught in them on any terms. At length it was decided to get a cat to put an end to their depredations; and what cat could be better than the gray one who lived on the top floor with the janitor, and was then some three years old? So it came about that he was installed as The Century Cat; and what could be more fitting than that he should receive the name "Century"? A good friend of his at once gave him a fine collar with his name engraved upon it, and very soon he came to know his name quite as well as you boys and girls know yours, and answered when it was called more promptly perhaps than some of you always answer to yours.

His duties were so faithfully performed that in a short time no mice were to be seen about the premises; but how or when they were disposed of no one knew, though there was a

general impression that the cat and the mice arranged their affairs at night when they had the building to themselves. Certainly, during the day Century devoted most of his time to sleeping, sometimes curled up into a huge furry ball, as like as not on top of a tall heap of magazines, his head resting on one of the soft gray paws that you see in the picture.

He evidently believed that a cat must live, and was inclined to be a trifle particular as to both the quality and the quantity of the beef or mutton, and milk that were daily brought from a restaurant for his delectation. In this way, although he could not be said to draw a salary, yet his name was upon the pay-roll, and his weekly account was audited with the general business of the magazines.

Century was not unmindful of his social duties, and during some portion of every day he gave his friends an opportunity of showing him those little attentions of which all cats are so fond. He walked about the entire office on the tops of the desks, stepping carefully over the books, letters, papers, etc., with which they were covered, never displacing anything, and strange to say, never upsetting the ink. Once, though, he did get a paw into a large inkstand accidentally, and then walking over one of the large wrappers in which the magazines are mailed, the perfect impression of the paw was left upon the paper, many times repeated, in violet ink. This was preserved as a specimen of the office cat's handwriting.

In some particularly cozy corner or near some chosen friend he would lie down and take his afternoon nap; and very amusing it was to see what trouble people would take so that the cat might not be disturbed. Sometimes he would station himself on the counter and make friends with the persons who came in, very few of whom failed to pat and speak to the beautiful creature. These courtesies were generally received with dignified condescension. Occasionally, however, he seemed to throw dignity to the winds; and then with ears laid back and tail erect, he would scamper down the corridor, just a city block from the front to the rear of the building, and back again as fast as he could go.

In summer, when the windows were open, he

liked to lie far out on the sill, stretched at full length. And if any one, fearful that he might fall from his lofty perch, tried to persuade him to take a safer position, he would scold and resume the outermost ledge as soon as possible. One thing here disturbed his peace of mind, and that was when the sparrows would alight on the telegraph wires, not far from the windows, and there chirp and twitter in the most exasperating manner. Long, sly looks he took at them, and if they came nearer than usual he would show his teeth and "talk" in what seemed to be a very disagreeable way.

If Century were telling this story himself, I suppose he would say that his most dreadful experience was on the night when the building took fire. It was some time before the poor fellow could be found, thoroughly frightened and very wet but not at all burned. He never seemed to recover entirely from the scare, however, and this fact may have led to the suggestion, when the question of office vacations came up last summer, that Century should take a vacation, too. Why not? He must find it very trying to be shut up alone from noon on Saturday till the following Monday morning, all summer long, to say nothing of every night. So it was arranged that the cat should have a vacation, and should spend it in one of the pretty villages of New Jersey. There he found himself one fine day, though the less said the better as to the manner in which he conducted himself on the way thither. But then boys, and, I am sorry to add, girls, do not always behave perfectly well on trains and boats and in other public places; so let us not expect too much of a mere cat.

It was good to see how delighted the handsome captive was with the new out-of-door world that was now opened to him. Do you remember how you felt when you were first taken from the hot and noisy city to the seashore, or to some lovely green farm? How charming it was to dig in the sand, to run and frisk about to your heart's content, to throw yourself down on the soft grass under the shady trees and to breathe the sweet air! Something like this poor Century felt, for you will remember that he had never been out of the city before, had never walked on the ground nor

chased another cat, and as for climbing trees, he did not know there were such things as trees. He felt his way about very cautiously at first, as if the light were too strong for his eyes, and with the air of being afraid that the ground might give way beneath his feet. He was in a strange element, and acted much as it is said sailors have been known to do when on land in a severe gale, creeping timidly about the streets, fearful that the houses may fall upon them.

After a little, the spirit of investigation seemed to take possession of our cat. Every tree, every shrub, the flowers, and the grass he must sniff and rub against in the peculiar fashion in which cats make acquaintance; this not once, but again and again. The trees impressed him greatly, and it was not long before he attempted to run up one—rather shyly at the start, and not very far, but gradually he lost all fear and climbed as nimbly as any cat need. Insects were curiosities to this town-bred creature, and he would perk his head on one side and look at a grasshopper or a cricket with a comically critical air. Of course he knew no better than to play with bees. Having pinned one to the wall, he proceeded to examine it closely; and, when stung, he shook his head vigorously and seemed much surprised that the smart could not be dislodged in that way. Toads afforded him endless diversion. He would keep one in sight for hours, giving it an occasional pat, or chasing it if he felt inclined to frolic. As to birds, their number and variety evidently filled him with amazement, not to mention the entire unconcern with which they would alight close to him to pick up a crumb or a seed.

He was disposed to be very neighborly at first; in fact he seemed to think that one country house was quite as good as another—an opinion that usually led to his hostess's going about the neighborhood at nightfall inquiring for a large Maltese cat. When found he invariably made forcible protest against being carried home.

After a time, though, he seemed to accept the idea of home and regular hours, and now not one of you boys who are the proud possessors

of bright new watches could excel Century in the matter of punctuality. How he manages it I do not know, but every night precisely at ten o'clock the tap, tap of his collar may be heard against the pane of a certain low window which he has selected in preference to a door. And then he knows that he will be admitted to the waiting saucer of milk, and to the warm rug on which he sleeps.

Fears that he might not be able to defend himself against other cats and dogs proved to be quite groundless. He took his stand from the very first morning that he lay dozing in the porch and waited for an intrusive terrier to come up barking noisily. Then Century flew at that dog, taking care not to let him escape from the premises until a sound thrashing had been administered, when he was allowed to depart wailing down the street, a wiser dog, for he has passed daily ever since without vouchsafing so much as a growl. Dogs much larger than Century are admonished to depart without ceremony; and as to cats, all and sundry, a warning "S-p-t-z-f-f, s-p-t-t-t!" is the only salutation that the boldest waits for.

Century dearly loves to get into the dining-room at dinner, when he will steal from chair to chair, softly purring; and having attracted attention by gently touching one's elbow with his paw, or rubbing his head against one's arm, he will sit up on his haunches, very straight, drop those soft gray paws forward close together on his breast, and so wait for whatever choice morsel he may have. Cheese he likes exceedingly, and will do his most irresistible "begging" when his keen scent apprises him that cheese is upon the table.

He is still in the country, nowise anxious to return to the city and to business, apparently; and I know not where you will find a sleeker, happier, more comfortable cat. He is affectionate and grateful to a degree, though people who do not like cats will tell you that they are never the one nor the other.

A long vacation, did you say? Century does not think it too long, I am sure; and when did you ever find that fault with one of your vacations?

A NEW TALE OF A TUB.

BY N. P. FRANCIS.



LITTLE Eddy was just three years old. His father was a fisherman; his mother was a washerwoman, and did the washing for the city people who came down to the beach in summer. They were very poor folk, and lived in a very small house, half-way down the side of the bluff that runs out into the ocean. Along that side of the bluff, and away out across the beach, runs a little stream, where Eddy's mama used to wash the clothes when the tide was out; for the stream was then shallow and the water quite fresh.

One day she took down a large tub full of clothes to wash, and while she worked little Eddy played about on the sand and dabbled with his little pink feet in the shallow pools of the creek. When the clothes were all washed and wrung out, she laid them in a large sheet, and made them up into a bundle, which she threw over her shoulder so as to carry it up the hill. She called to Eddy to go with her, and they started together; but before they had gone very far, Eddy ran back to chase a flock of little sandpipers on the beach, and forgot all about going home. After a while he felt tired and sleepy. Now, it happened that his mother, after emptying out the wash-tub, had left it standing on a little sand bank near the edge of the bay; and, inside of it she had left an old coverlet, which had served to keep the clothes from blowing away out of the tub when she brought them down. Eddy crept into the tub, and curled himself up in a funny little heap in the soft coverlet, where he soon fell fast asleep.

Meanwhile his mother had hung out all the clothes on the clothes-line, and then noticed, for the first time, that Eddy was nowhere about. She called him, but not a sound answered; she

looked through the house, but no Eddy was there. Then she looked down and saw her wash-tub on the sand; but the little fellow inside she could not see. She saw only that he was nowhere on the beach, and she began to be very much frightened; so that, though she knew the tide was coming in, she could not even stop to save her wash-tub, but ran as fast as she could go to the top of the bluff and then down the road to the neighbors', to ask if any one had seen Eddy. Of course nobody had seen him; and while they were talking about him and looking for him, the tide came in and floated the tub from the little sand bank. Now that afternoon a smart little breeze chanced to be blowing off shore. The wash-tub, with little Eddy's weight in it, canted over toward one side, and the opposite side stood high out of water and made a very good sort of a sail. So, instead of going upstream with the tide, Eddy's new-fashioned boat sailed straight out to sea, passed safely over the tiny breakers at the mouth of the



stream, and stood boldly out, heading due east for the Old World.

Eddy's father, as I said before, was a fisherman. He used to go out very early in the

morning, with trawls and hand lines, sometimes a long way from home. After setting his trawls he would spend the day in fishing with his hand lines, and toward evening, after visiting the trawls and taking off the fish that were caught, he would come home, either rowing or, if the wind favored, under sail. Now, that afternoon, while Eddy was taking his sail in the wash-tub, his papa was sailing home along shore in his boat, and he noticed something floating in the water a little distance out seaward. At first he could not make out what it was; but men who live much on the sea soon become very farsighted, and it was not long before he saw that it was a wash-tub. He was very tired, and he knew that, if he went out to pick up the tub, he would have to row back against the wind; but, then, he was very poor, and he thought to himself how useful another wash-tub would be to his wife. So in spite of his weariness he turned his boat, and, going out before the wind, he soon overtook or, as the sailors say, "overhauled" the slow-sailing tub.

"Why, that 's a master good tub, that is," said he, when he came near; "and bless my heart, what 's that inside? Why, if there ain't a lot of old clothes in there!" and, so saying, he took hold of the tub and went to pulling out what he supposed to be the old clothes; and just think how he felt when, down among the folds of the coverlet, he found his own little rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, roly-poly baby that he loved so much!

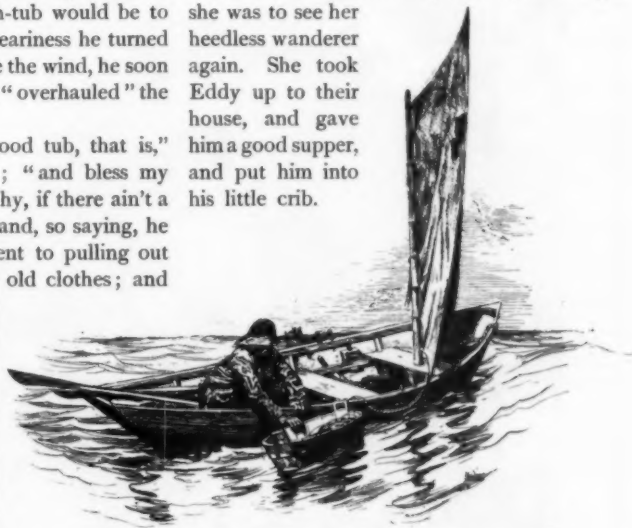
How he hugged him and kissed him, and how glad he was that he had not been lazy enough to let the old wash-tub go! There, indeed, was a reward for his trouble!

He took little Eddy into his boat, and the tub, too, and then he pulled home and ran with the high tide right into the stream just below his house. His wife saw him coming, and she ran down toward the shore, crying as if her heart would break; and with her came some of the kind neighbors, who were doing all they could

to comfort her. One of them told her that her wash-tub was in the boat; but what did she care for the tub, when she had lost her little darling? She did n't even look up. Nobody saw Eddy; for he had soon gone to sleep again, and was lying on the bottom of the boat all covered up in his papa's big pea-jacket.

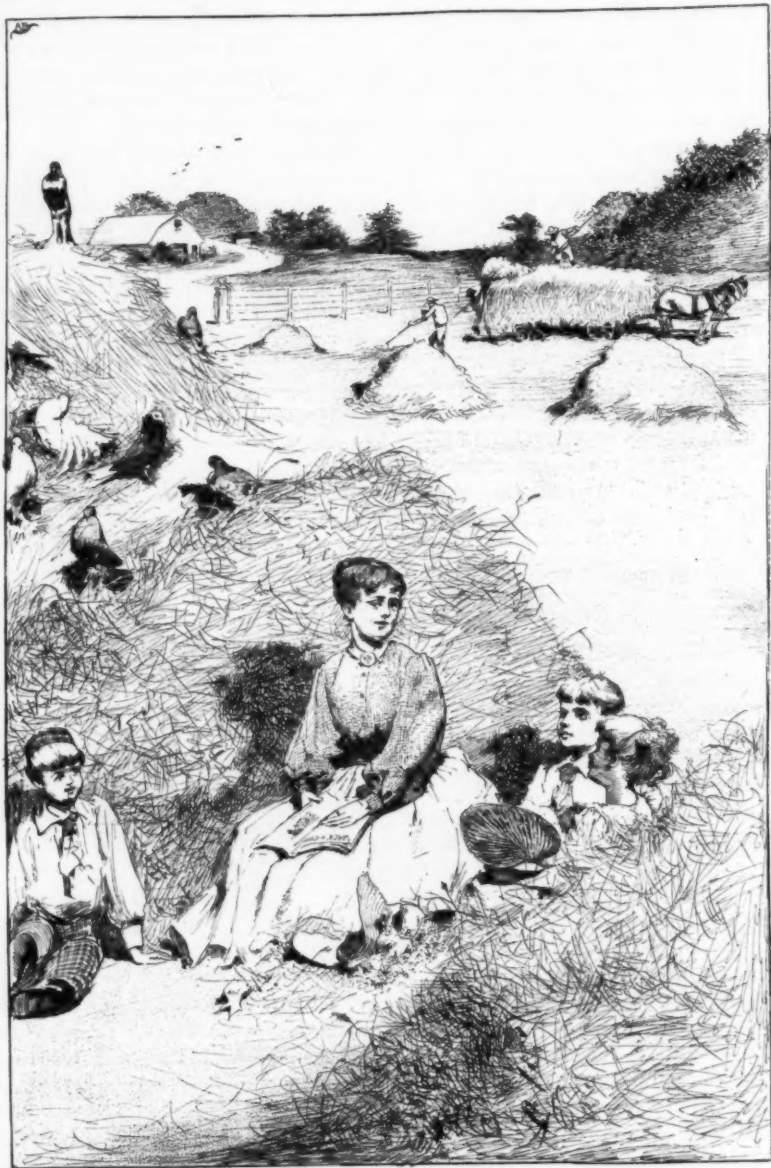
When the boat touched the sand, and was drawn up high and dry, Eddy's father stepped up to the women and asked what they were all crying about. But he did n't wait for the answer, for the tears stood thick in his own eyes. "Look 'e here, Mary," said he, "I 've brought ye back your tub; and what d' ye s'pose I found in it?" and with that he caught up the boy from the stern of the boat and laid him in his mother's arms.

Of course I need not try to tell you how glad she was to see her heedless wanderer again. She took Eddy up to their house, and gave him a good supper, and put him into his little crib.



"HE TOOK LITTLE EDDY INTO HIS BOAT, AND THE TUB, TOO."

The next day nearly all the boarders at the beach came to see the little sailor boy that went to sea in a tub; and when they saw what nice people Eddy's parents were, and how very poor, they collected a good sum among themselves, and they bought the poor fisherman a fine sail-boat; so after that he made a good living by taking out people that wanted a sail. And little Eddy often went out with them.



A MORNING IN THE HAYFIELD.

SOME INCIDENTS OF STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

BY E. J. GLAVE.

THE Zanzibaris have played a noble part in Central Africa. They have been the companions of many white travelers in that wild land, and to their zeal, courage, and loyalty is history greatly indebted for the exploration of the Dark Continent. Under the standard of those Anglo-Saxon heroes, Stanley, Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, the natives have done wonderful service.

No nobler record of absolute devotion to duty on the part of blacks exists than "Through the Dark Continent," in the pages of which the graphic pen of Stanley thrilled the hearts of all nations with the brilliant narrative of the deeds of his heroic followers—of those adventurous and plucky spirits who left home and friends in Zanzibar, enrolled themselves under the two great Anglo-Saxon banners, the "Stars and Stripes" and the British "Union Jack," and remained with their noble leader, Stanley, through thick and thin—repelled the persistent attacks of hostile savages, bore sickness, privation, and hunger, and remained unconquered till their work was accomplished and Africa had been crossed.

During Stanley's last triumphal success, relieving Emin Pasha from the fanatic hordes of the Mahdi, the young Zanzibari, Saleh Bin Osman, served with great distinction and by his loyal conduct gained the confidence of "Buana Mkubua," "Big Master," which, as I have told you, is the name by which these people knew Stanley.

After accompanying Stanley through Darkest Africa, he returned with the expedition to Zanzibar, and remained with his leader while the explorer narrated to America his stirring adventures.

Being conversant with Ki-Swahili, the language of the Zanzibaris, I have had several

interesting chats with young Saleh, and in the following short article I have translated from his own tongue some anecdotes and incidents which happened on the march and in camp during the travels of the expedition.

Early in 1887, Stanley arrived at Zanzibar, in command of the "Emin Relief Expedition," for which Mr. Mackenzie, who was acting as agent, had gone on ahead in order to recruit Zanzibari followers.

Among the candidates for enlistment was Saleh bin Osman, who, although he had never made a journey with Stanley, had accompanied white travelers in some parts of Eastern Africa and the island of Madagascar.

Saleh "signed on" as a servant, and owing to his superior intelligence was soon appointed to be chief of all the black servants of the force.

The expedition remained at Zanzibar but three days. Six hundred and twenty Zanzibaris in all were engaged, and as they were duly enrolled on the Expedition books they were sent off in barges and placed on board the "Madura," a steamer chartered to convey the party from Zanzibar around the Cape of Good Hope to the mouth of the Congo.

When all arrangements were complete, and the *Kaa Heris* (good-bys) had been said by the enlisted men to their friends who came off in dhows and canoes, the Madura hoisted her anchor and steamed away to the southward.

The Zanzibari force was now divided into companies, and the white officers of the expedition received their respective commands. The boys who had engaged as servants were also told off to their different masters, and Saleh bin Osman became Stanley's body servant.

After a few days' steaming, the Madura arrived at Cape Town. Some of the white offi-

cers and Tippu Tib went ashore, but the Soudanese and Zanzibaris were not permitted to do so, as such liberty would be taken advantage of by some of the disorderly.

But a day or two was spent at Cape Town, and then the ship steamed away for the west coast of Africa, and arrived a few days later at the mouth of the Congo. Here the expedition was transferred to smaller boats, and the whole force, white and black, was conveyed to Matadi, one hundred miles up the Congo River.

When the Expedition was landed at Matadi, all the men received their rifles and ammunition. Each of the blacks had quite a bulky package of his own private property, a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends, no doubt valuable additions to comfort, but superfluous weight on the march. So when each man received a load of sixty-five pounds weight to carry two hundred odd miles, besides the several pounds of rations for the journey, all those private packages had to be abandoned by their mourning owners.

Previous to receiving their heavy loads, the Zanzibaris had been full of good spirits,—probably expecting a continuation of the enjoyable existence so comfortably passed on the good ship *Madura*,—but the weighty cases of cartridges and the big steep hills ahead which had to be climbed, brought unhappiness and rendered the men dejected. Instead of dancing and singing throughout the evening as before, the camp looked glum and miserable as the smoldering campfires lit up the sadly meditative faces of the silent throngs who saw their time of ease and comfort was at an end, and realized that arduous toil was ahead of them.

The white traveler who has performed the overland march from Matadi to Stanley Pool can heartily sympathize with the black porter who manfully struggles up the steep, rocky incline of Pallaballa, Congo Di Lemba, or staggers almost stifled through the suffocating valley of Lakanga. The white man makes the marches unhampered by unnecessary clothing, and then flatters himself he has performed a wonderful feat of endurance.

Saleh said it was curious to watch Stanley's white officers when they were first introduced to *chiquanga*, a kind of pudding made of boiled

manioc root. Neither the taste nor odor of this food is at all inviting at first; but necessity brings all whites as well as blacks to regard it as the bread of life before many months of residence in Central Africa.

Sometimes when deprived of it for many days I have often hailed a piece of toasted *chiquanga* as a real luxury, and I have been rather disgusted with newly arrived whites whose upturned noses condemned my barbaric taste.

When Stanley's white officers had finished their small stock of tinned provisions and rice, they were absolutely compelled to fall back on the manioc dishes; but the sourness of taste of this African pudding is a serious barrier to the enjoyment of it, and some stubborn persistence is required before the white man hails *chiquanga* as a delicacy; but like other white travelers, these officers began to like it, and when they passed beyond the districts where it grew, and were forced to adhere to a roast plantain diet, they regretted bitterly that they had no manioc.

As all the world knows by Stanley's account, the advance column of the expedition had a hungry journey in their march through the great forest. For days and days, both whites and blacks lived upon mushrooms and the acid fruit of the india-rubber vine.

Saleh is eloquent in his tributes to Stanley's wonderful influence during this trying time, saying that it was his personal example in enduring hardship, and his consoling presence that kept up the spirits of the men.

The marches, owing to the weakness of the men, were but a few miles a day, when a halt would be called and everybody would be sent into the jungle to search for food. Saleh cited an incident which illustrates the condition of mind and body to which these poor creatures had been reduced.

One day they had stopped as usual, after a short march, in order to hunt for food. Two of the Zanzibaris, Asumani and Ismail, wandered off together for the purpose of finding *mabungu* (india-rubber fruit). After they had penetrated a little way into the forest, Asumani espied a rich cluster of the fruit, and pointed it out to his friend, but told him that as he had been the first to see it, he considered that it was his,

and advised his friend Ismail to go and find another such lot himself. The other suggested that such selfishness was not right in hungry times. These two men, made weak by many days of starvation, after a harsh discussion determined to fight. They closed, but had not sufficient strength for fighting. They sat down breathless and glared. When sufficiently recovered to speak, Ismail said he would seek another tree.

Then Asumani started to scale the tree. Ismail's wits had been sharpened by hunger, and under the circumstances he considered a little deceit quite pardonable. So he quietly hid under the tree his friend had climbed. Asumani ate ravenously of the ripened *mabungu* fruit, and then threw some to the ground, intending to pick it up and take it to camp with him. He little dreamed that Ismail, hidden beneath, was disposing of it as fast as it fell.

By and by Asumani became exhausted and decided to descend. But he had not sufficient strength to support his own weight, and he fell from a height of fifteen feet down upon his friend.

Amid groans and hard breathing, they again tried to settle differences by a contest; but it was of no use, they were too weak. They limped back to camp. Having arrived in a village where they got abundance of corn, bananas, goats, and fowls, they told how Ismail had obtained the yellow rubber-fruit, and recounted Asumani's abrupt descent from the tree.

During the very hungriest time spent by Stanley's expedition in going through the dense forest, it happened that the discovery of a little child of the dwarf tribe proved truly providential.

Upon approaching one of the settlements of these people, the natives, fearing that the Arabs were upon them, hastily retreated to the depths of the jungle, leaving in the village one of the young children. He was an ungainly little creature, and from Saleh's description had an enormously big head, protruding lower jaw, lean frame, and ungainly, fat body. The Zanzibaris sat about in dejected groups, complaining of their present hard existence, and the sad contrast of to-day with their joyous life in their island home away in the Indian Ocean.

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The little *Teki-Teki* (pigmy), although not more than three years old, was busily searching for something in the dry leaves. The Zanzibaris were attracted by the child's activity. Presently the sparkle of his eyes and the increased earnestness of his hunt showed that he had been successful; and, indeed, he returned to the camp-fire carrying a lot of pods like enormous beans. These he scraped to a fine powder, which he damped, rolled in some big leaves, and then toasted in the ashes. When cooked to his satisfaction he opened the dainty package and the whole camp became filled with the pleasant odor of this new dish. The men of the expedition then closed round and, much to the young Teki-Teki's disgust, helped themselves to a tasting pinch. The Zanzibaris knew the tree quite well; it was the "*makneme*." This new discovery brought a gleam of hope to the hearts of these hungry beings. The capture of the tiny woodsman was a godsend, and Saleh said that had this unhappy little creature but faintly understood their language he would have been overwhelmed with the heartfelt blessings showered on him. A few days afterwards another tribe of these same small people was met, and the child was handed over to them to be returned to his parents.

One evening the expedition arrived at Fort Bodo, after the long, hungry march and many days of anxiety because of the continued fights with cannibals and dwarfs. Now they could have good food in place of the fungi and wild fruits on which they had been living for many months. The groups of laughing men clustering round the big camp-fires seemed to be on good terms with themselves and were well contented.

This particular evening Saleh passed with three friends, who formed a select little party around a big, steaming saucepan. They were saying, "We have passed the hunger-stricken forest and shall soon be strong again. Many have fallen by the way; all we can do or say will not bring them back again. Let us who remain at least be happy and regain as quickly as possible our health and strength." All agreed to make the best of their lot.

"Who can tell us a good story?" said one.

Another native answered, "I will tell you a story of the animals long ago. It is a story of:

THE CAT AND THE RAT.

THE cat and the rat lived on the island Miota, all alone. The rat said, "Let us go to the island of Joanna, for if we get sick no one would care for us." So they started to go seven hundred miles in a canoe made of a sweet potato. The rat rowed till he became tired and cross, and began to eat the potato. The cat said, "Row on," but the rat said, "I am tired; you row awhile." So the cat rowed till she was tired, and she fainted. The first thing they knew the boat was sinking.

The cat said, "Now, I am going to eat you, for you ate my boat."

The rat said, "No; if you eat me in the water you will die. Just wait till we are on land." They swam to the island Miota, and the rat began to dig a hole and said, "Wait till I dig some roots before you eat me, then you will have a nice dinner." When the rat finished the hole, they fought for a long time; then the rat ran into the hole all but his tail. The cat stayed outside and changed his voice to imitate the rat. He said to the rat, "Even if I die you will never be free, for you and all the rats forever will be beef and mutton for my sons and daughters."

Then the cat went away and made a great banquet for all the animals. He told the lion how the rat ate his canoe. The lion said, "Had I been you I would have killed the rat for eating your canoe!" The lion then roared and said, "I give orders for the cats to eat the rats forever!" The rabbit, who was sitting near, and was the judge of the animals, said, "Why so?" The lion answered, "For eating the canoe." The rabbit said, "The rat did right for he was hungry. You think you are king but I know somebody stronger than you." The lion, irritated by the rabbit's talk, angrily asked him, "Who can be stronger than I?" The rabbit, trembling at the glare and roar of the lion, said, "I know you are powerful and terrible and are able to kill other animals, and successfully battle even with men, but I am sure *Mzé Nyaa* [Old Man Hunger] is your master." The lion jeered contemptuously at the little animal and said in scorn, "You are

an idiot, my little friend. *Mzé Nyaa* cannot conquer me. I challenge him to a duel." "All right," said the rabbit; "I know where he lives. I will go after the banquet and tell him what you say, and in a few days' time I will return again and let you know what he says."

The rabbit then hopped away, and selecting a quiet spot in the depths of the forest he built a strong house of heavy posts stoutly fastened together. This little rabbit superintended the construction, the other animals in the woods lending a helping hand, being always willing to render any assistance to thwart their old tyrant the lion. When everything was completed to the rabbit's satisfaction he again sought an interview with the lion, and said:

"I have seen *Mzé Nyaa*, who scorns your defiance and has appointed a meeting-place for the conflict, to which I will conduct you when you are ready."

"We will go now," said the lion. "I am too angry for any delay."

So the little rabbit piloted the great forest king through the quiet paths to the little stockaded house he had recently constructed.

"If you will just lie down in there," said the rabbit, "*Mzé Nyaa* will appear."

The lion innocently walked into the trap and the rabbit closed and firmly barred the door. The rabbit then gaily scampered off to receive congratulations from the other animals for the success of the ruse, and the lion was left in silent conflict with *Mzé Nyaa*.

After a few days the little rabbit approached the trap. The lion was now shrunk to a skeleton; he pleaded hard, but it was of no avail. "Continue the contest," said the rabbit.

Day after day the little animal appeared, until the captive died of hunger.

Ever after that the rabbit was king, but he lived in a hole in the ground. The animals said as he was so small it would be better to keep himself from danger.

"Now," said the story-teller, "during our recent travels we were the lions and Hunger was the master. In his grasp we were weak as women, though we feared not wild beast nor savage man."

THE STORY OF MY LIFE.

(As told by Saleh and recorded in shorthand.)



SALEH BIN OSMAN.

I BORN in July 9, 1871. My mother was dead when I three years old. When I was one year older, I go to my mother sister, and stay with her. When I get four year old, my father send me school to read Koran, and then when I seven year old I begin to read the Bible, and finish when I eight year old the Bible. The schoolmaster name is "Shayhah"; over in

America you call him schoolmaster. He change my name and call him "Saleh," mean "honey"; and when I ten year old, I finish all school and went to my father, and taker me one year to stay with my father. When I get ten year, he taker me travel to India, Bombay, Calcutta, Bungola, and come back to Zanzibar.

He asker me, "Which kine business you

like?" I say, "I liker make shop, fruit-shop"; and then he give me 40 dollar, and I go to my fren [friend] and he give 40 dollar, and then to 'nother fren, he give 40 dollar, and then we make bisness. We sell cokenuts, orange, and mango, and sweet lemon. And then my fren he tol' me "This maker dirty bisness, much better to buy boat, a little rowboat," and we pay 200 dollar, and that 's all money we got.

When 'Merican manwah [man-of-war] come, we bring people down; and next time we went to go, the sea very bad, and boat he go down, and one my fren no swim, he wear heavy jacket, and he go down dead. And we swim to manwah, and 'nother boat he come and bring us to shore, and all people say my fault, because I at the head of the bisness, and I mad. And he say I be liker to get a plent' money quick! And my father was cross-to me because all people say that my fault. I run away and went to Malagascar [Madagascar]; and all money I get I got 20 rupee [rupee, 40 cts.] in my pocket.

When we 'rive to Malagascar, we stop at Noosbay. All French people, and master ask me for passage. I broke French. I say, "How much?" He say, "Twenty rupee," and I say, "That 's all money I got." He say, "I don't care, I want twenty rupee, now, quick!" I give it him, and I don't got any money in my pocket. And I went in police station, and soon I see myself, and I set down and cry. When watchman come, asker me, "Why you cry?" He think somebody beat me. I told I cry because I no home this country, no fren. He asker me what language speak. I say, "I speak Arab"; and he laugh me, and say you can't go far, we no speak Arab in this country [Madagascar]. I stayed there till half-past five, and see him, he bring in tin, a small tin liker a cup, and it inside no sugar, no milk. A piece bread he giver me, and said, "That all I have in my supper. Have no better supper." And I say, "Thank you to God, and thank you to yourself." And then he show me place and say, "You go down there." In evening rain come and sundercome [thunder come], and I fright. And I don't got blanket, don't got pillow, just sleep in groun. And when rain come, and I up and I sit down, and I cry.

In morning I went to French town, and I

see big big man, and he say to me, "Hello, boy! what you do here?" Because he know me very well, because I dress different; I dress Zanzibar dress. He say, "You Zanzibar boy." I said, "Yes. I don't know anybody here." He say, "Come with me." And I go to him. And he told me, "I want you to go to my wife, and carry bag, and to go with her all places she go, when she go for walk." This man Frenchman. He name Admirally Pierre. He fight in Malagascar. And he taker me in his manwah, and taker me to his wife; and she be glad. She say, "I tried to find Zanzibar boy when I there, to teacher me Zanzibar language."

Half-past four we went down shore, in town, and she buy too much cloths, and guve to me, and she told to me, "I want you to throw 'way dirty cloths you got." And I throw 'way, and dress fine.

We sail from Noosbay to Junka, and we fight there for seven day. That was the native Malagascar, called "Hover"; yellow, liker Chinese. Got two name, the other name we call him "Wambalambo." When we fight we stay there for two mont's. And Madam Pierre she show very kine for me, liker my mother. And then I teach her in Zanzibar tongue for two mont's, and then she speaker me very well. When I say something to her she understand. And then she asker me everything 'bout myself, an' I told her how I come. She said, "I am very sorry for you, I maker you happy just liker mother." And then she say, "I want you teacher me Zanzibar language, and I want you learn Malagascar, because when Admirally go home he will want you interpreter, and on manwah."

He got two boys, and he say, "Now, Saleh, you taker walk with these boys every day and they teacher you. You go down city, and they tell you name everything." One boy told me something and I put down Arab, and I learn quick in four months. And Madam go home, and she say, "Admirally, taker care Saleh, he good boy." And then my bisness was carry Admirally's rifle and glass when we go in shore. And on manwah I have nothing do, and sit down and eat and dress nice. And then he call me, "Saleh, my boy," in Zanzibar language, because he speak Zanzibar first class. One day he called

me in morning and give me letter, and I open and fine Madam's picture and little gold ring.

Madam go home, write Admirally, "Please bring Saleh home, we show people, and we send him back to Zanzibar." One day in morning he called me, we go shoot guinea-fowl, and taker clean and bring to Madam when we go to France. And we went there and shoot one, and he send me look for it, and he forget I there, and he shoot and his bullets come through my ear, and I fall down and cry loud, and he come and looker, and then throw 'way his gun, and call somebody taker me 'way to manwah. And he taker care for me, and when I get better he finish his business himself, and we sail for Marseilles, France. And then he ketch fever in sea, and when he go to Marseilles he sick seven day, and he dead. And his wife she was good to me and sen' me back to Zanzibar.

I was glad to go back, but I was sorry to lose Admirally because he was good to me. I was glad to go home, but I was sorry to leave Madam because she nicer lady.

That all my story travel in Malagascar with Admirally.

My uncle, Tippu Tib, told me much about Mis'r Stanley. He know him. He Mis'r Stanley's fren. When Mis'r Stanley 'rive in Zanzibar, that maker me to go with him in Africa because I think I travel all same liker I travel in Malagascar. I find Mis'r Stanley nices' man I ever see. He is strong man, and very clever man. He is a very good shot. He is strong for march. He is clever for caravan. He has six hundred twenty-one Zanzibars, and all liker him, all speaker good for him. He think all time for his people. This Dark Forest, we don't have car'age there, no horse, no donkey, no camel, no railway, you know very well. This travel everybody must carry his rifle, his cloths, tent, and ammunition. And this Dark Forest, all bush and trees very very high,—big! People live in this Dark Forest, cannibals and pigmies. This

little people, this pigmies are 'bout two feet and half big. The pigmies not strong 'nough for grow anything. They maker iron, they maker fine powsen [poison], and they go round elephant, because they so small he no see them, and they shoot him in eyes with powsen arrow, and before long he fall down dead. And they go to village and call big native, we call



TIPPU TIB.

Wasamgora and cannibals. Pigmies have no big knife, [and bring other natives] because they got knives to cut elephant. Now this big native he come cut all meat and divide, and taker half, and half he leave to pigmies. These cannibals (Wasamgora) eat man the same they eat beef and mutton. And we have cannibal man, he belong to Emin Pasha, and his name we call Binsa. Emin Pasha give him to Docter Junker and taker to Zanzibar, and he went with us in Africa. He is not cannibal now.

I think Mis'r Stanley is very fine man. We lose many people in Dark Forest for hunger. I don't forget why I say Mis'r Stanley is very fine man, he think for his people more than for himself. One day he told me, "I think I liker my people very much, because my people is my home. If I lose my people I can't go anywhere." All native in Africa liker Mis'r Stanley. Ev'rything he want and do, he call his people, asker first. And me sure many people say Mis'r Stanley bad man—a! je'lus, have nothing in head, all head full flies. I see six hundred people myself liker Mis'r Stanley, speak well for him. I been three year and half with him, he teach me very well. I enjoy my travel with him. He bring me back to Zanzibar, home. I asker him to come to Europe with him. I come for good time with him in Europe. He is here July, and have wife, good heart and fine looking. We all went through Europe, France, Germany, Italy, Switz'land, come back

to London and went to Scotlan' and Irelan' and all over Englan'. He taker me over here to 'Merica now, and I liker 'Merica very much. I think there is nice ladies in 'Merica. And I think there is nice boys and girls. I think they have nice schools in 'Merica. I believe this is a rich country. I been in New York, Brooklyn, New Jersey, Springfield, Boston, Worcester, Providence, Chelsea, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, and too many places in all the country that no have time to say, and I forget his name.

I have no time to tell you how good time I have this country. I like this country very much. I write book in Arab, and I go to publish when I go home. I have no time tell you how fine ladies this country. How fine boys. I'm sure I got something to say when I get home. Goo'-bye. I sail Wednesday to Englan'. Soon as I get to Englan' I go home to Zanzibar.

SALEH BIN OSMAN,

Of the Stanley Expedition for the Relief of Emin Pasha.

THE FROGS' SINGING-SCHOOL.

BY MRS. E. T. CORBETT.



Down in the rushes, beside the pool,
The frogs were having a singing-school;
Old frogs, young frogs, tadpoles and all,
Doing their best at their leader's call.
He waved a grass-blade high in the air,
And cried, "Ker-chunk!" which means
"Prepare!"

But the youngest singer took up the strain,
And sang "Ker-chunk" with might and main.

The others followed as he sang;
"Ker-chunk" their voices loudly rang,
Until their leader so angry grew
He snapped his baton quite in two,
And croaked, "Oh, wrong! oh, wro-ong!
oh, wro-ong!"

Which his class mistook for another song.
At that, their leader had hopped away—
"Ker-chunk! oh, wro-ong!" I heard him
say.

Then *flop!* he went, right into the pool.
And that was the end of the singing school.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

THE RABBIT AND THE DONKEY.



A RABBIT met a donkey.

"What a queer little horse!" thought the rabbit, "and — my, what big ears!"

"What a strange cat!" thought the donkey, "and — my, what big ears!"
But all they said was, "Good day."



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"NEXT to fine-weather friends," the Deacon says, "come warm-weather friends"—and yet I do not see why, nor can I see what friends have to do with the weather any way, unless it is to make dark days bright and fine days finer. However, be that as it may, all my friends this month are warm-weather friends or none at all, and in my opinion the sooner there's a coolness among us the better.

Here is an idea for you: Whenever you are too warm think of *ice*, spell *ice*, say *ice* to yourselves over and over till you feel better.

Now, if you are quite comfortable, we'll take up the matter of

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR WORD-MAKERS.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR JACK: The "*disproportionableness*" of the length of the two "*Long Words*" in your June sermon, to what should be expected from such wee-uns as we be, is a matter of "*incomprehensibleness*."

Here are seven letters from which four good English words can be made, using all the letters for each word:

C D L M A E I.

Will you give your hearers and the Little School-ma'am a chance to work them out? ARUM.

THE CRAB'S LESSON.

HERE is a capital little seaside story, with not sufficient moral to dry it up entirely, sent me on purpose for you by your friend Tudor Jenks:

"DEAR mother," cried a little crab, "I'd like to see a man!

I've never yet set eyes on one. Oh, tell me when I can!"

"Why, come with me," his mother said, and took him nearer shore.

"What luck!" said she. "Here comes one now. Pray scan him o'er and o'er."

The crablet waved his high-stalked eyes and clasped his claws with joy.

"Behold," then spoke the mother wise, "the kind of man called 'Boy.'"

Those boys are dreadful creatures, love. Be careful where you roam.

Look out! Avoid that net! That's right. We'd better sidle home."

Away they slid; and, safe at home, the crablet straight began

To tell his mother what he thought of that strange creature man.

"How awkward it does seem," said he, "and yet I see it's true,

While we walk straight on eight small legs, he goes sideways on two!

His shell looks soft and seems to be a kind of sickly pink,

Much uglier than our dull green and lovely brown, I think.

With his small claws how could he tear the weakest fish in two?

And if he tried to fight a crab—I don't see what he'd do!

His eyes are flat. How can he look behind him in the sea?

I can't see how he lives at all. What use can such things be?"

"T is hard to tell," the mother said. "Your father used to say

That boys and nets were trials, love, and useful in this way:

When youthful crabs are lazy, and won't learn to swim with speed,

These creatures come to punish them, and on their bodies feed!

So walk as fast as you know how, and swim and dive with care,

That when the boys with nets shall scoop, they will not find you there.

Remember your dear father's fate—a crab came back to me

To bring your father's parting words, just as he left the sea.

How carefully I've treasured up his last, his dying charge,

'Pinch all that's small or weak,' said he, 'and run from all that's large.'"

THOUGHTS ABOUT ANIMALS THINKING.

WHETHER animals think or not (and Jack thinks they *do*), certain it is that the question put from this Pulpit in May has set my youngsters thinking. Letters have come in from all parts of the world, and more, too. Last month I showed you as many as I conveniently could, and now out of many good letters at hand, so to speak, I shall give you two that must be thought over by yourselves in shady groves when you are not dallying with school-books.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

DEAR JACK: In the May St. NICHOLAS a girl wanted to know if horses, cows, cats, and dogs, etc., have languages of their own.

My opinion is, that dogs do, but I don't know much about the horses and cows. Here is my proof:

I have a dog. His name is "Nanki Poo" (commonly called Nank); he has a friend, our neighbor's dog, "Don." For two years these dogs have been together, both going to school with me. Every time I go out fishing they go, too, and the boys became quite interested in their friendship.

Another neighbor bought a dog, and he tried to get

into society with Don and Nank. Nank, however, took a dislike to this dog, and Don liked him.

Don and Nank did not go together any more, since Don paid any attention to the other dog. Nank probably said in dog-language, "Don, if you go with that other ugly dog any more, I'll drop you."

And so he did. The other dog is either dead or has run away, but Nank has never had anything more to do with Don. Father said he was jealousy, but mama and I don't think so. Yours truly, GEO. B. E.—

ANOTHER DOG STORY.

THE other story is this one, which comes from Augusta, Maine.

DEAR JACK: ONE of the officers at the Soldiers' National Home, Togus, Maine, owned two dogs, a thoroughbred greyhound and a pure-blooded silver "Skye." One day the servant went to the gentleman and told him the sugar was disappearing faster than they used it; he said, "You must watch, and find out, if possible, who takes it." A few days later she came to tell him it was his greyhound who was the thief. He loved his pet and could not punish him, so he told the servant that she must.

In what way the beautiful creature was corrected I do not know, but he remembered the lesson, and did not go again himself for the much-loved sweet. For some days the sugar was untouched; then it was seen to disappear too fast again. A second watch showed that the greyhound, remembering his correction, but longing for the dainty, must have communicated with his little companion, and he, the little Skye, not loving sugar himself, stole it for his mate. He was seen to go for it, and carry it to the larger dog.

As their fond master says, "I have no question in my own mind but that they had a language by which they communicated their wishes and desires to each other."

The proof to me seems strong that the hound reasoned to himself that the terrier, not loving sugar, would not be suspected of the theft and watched and punished as he had been. If they had not "talked" it over, how could he know that his faithful little friend did not love sugar, and would help him in his trouble?

Yours sincerely,
LUCY WILLIAMS C—.

A SPIDER'S INGENUITY.

HERE is a very interesting article lately sent for your amusement and instruction by a very observant friend of nature and of ST. NICHOLAS:

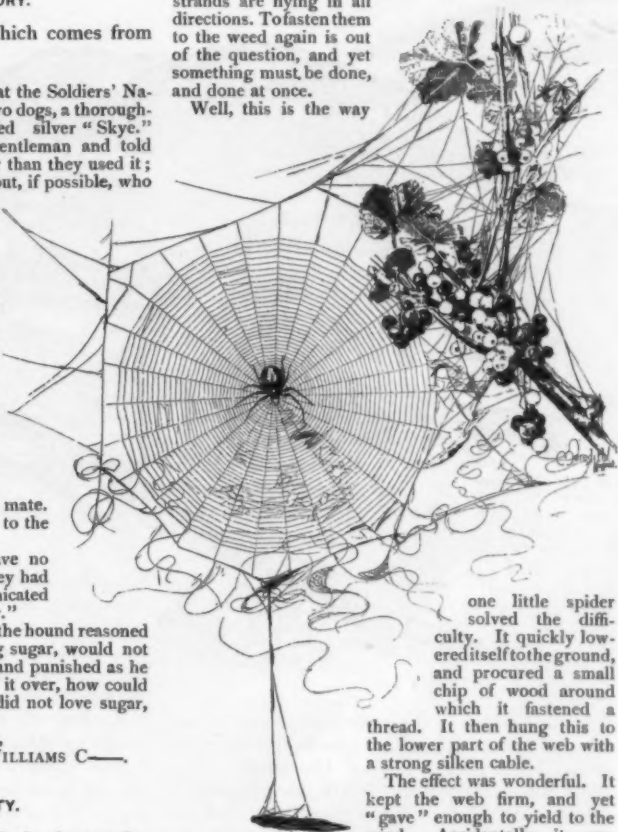
DEAR JACK: When the wind is blowing fresh, the spiders' beautiful webs are likely to be broken at any moment, and without a web the spider can have nothing to eat. To prevent such an accident requires its constant attention, and like the captain of a ship the brave little animal takes up its position in the center of its silken home and remains there until the "blow" is over.

Here the spider is in full control. The middle of the web is the central station to which all news relating to its glistening domain is sent. Every vibration, even at the most distant point, is instantly telegraphed to headquarters, and if the news be of vital importance, the spider leaves

for the scene of danger at once. There it may find that a strand has broken loose which, unless instantly repaired, will completely ruin the web.

But sometimes the accident is of such a nature that to repair the damage calls for considerable ingenuity. For instance, the lower part of the web is often fastened to a weed. When the wind begins to blow, the weed gently bows its head, and the danger to the web becomes very great; another bow more lowly than before, and the strands snap, leaving the web flapping like a sail in a wind. The spider hurries down, but everything is in confusion; the broken strands are flying in all directions. To fasten them to the weed again is out of the question, and yet something must be done, and done at once.

Well, this is the way



one little spider solved the difficulty. It quickly lowered itself to the ground, and procured a small chip of wood around which it fastened a thread. It then hung this to the lower part of the web with a strong silken cable.

The effect was wonderful. It kept the web firm, and yet "gave" enough to yield to the wind. Accidentally it was knocked off, but the spider recovered it and hung it as before. The web suffered no further injury although the wind blew very hard.

Some spiders use a very small stone instead of a chip of wood, and even fasten the weight to a web which is five or six feet from the ground.

Yours very truly, M. N—.

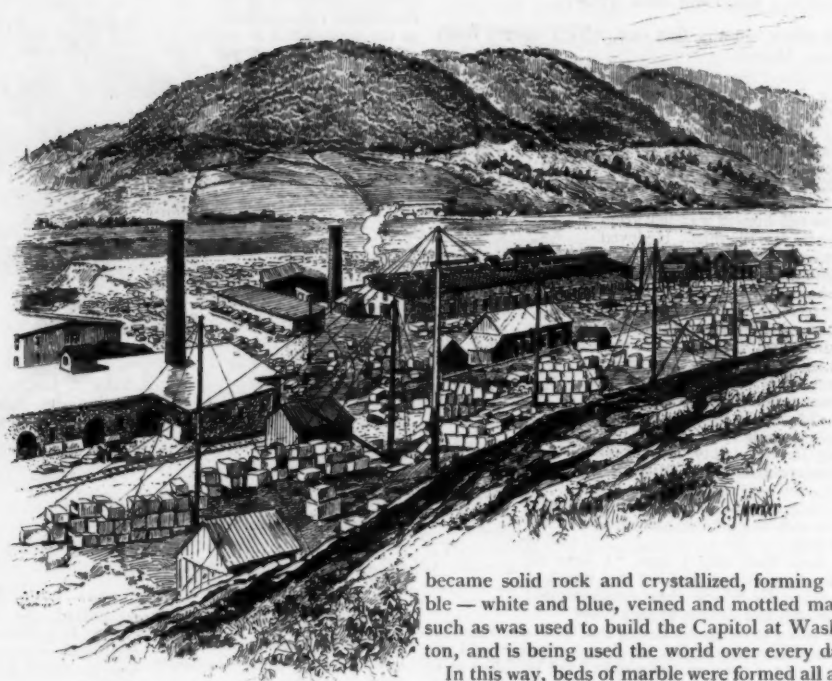
HOW ABOUT THE FLY?

MAY I ask a question? In what manner do flies—the house-fly, of course, *musca domestica*—alight on the ceiling? They fly wings uppermost, and must turn round altogether to get their feet highest. They strike with their forefeet I suppose, and pivot on those, but my best attention has failed to prove my theory.

Sincerely yours, H. S. SANFORD, Jr.

A MARBLE QUARRY.

BY GEORGE P. MERRILL.



THE deep cleft in the ground, shown in the picture on the opposite page, is a marble quarry in the green hills of western Vermont. Unnumbered years ago, before even the Rocky or Alleghany Mountains were formed, this part of the United States, now covered by beautiful fields and wooded hills, lay buried by the waters of a great ocean. And in this ocean there lived and died, year after year, shell-fish and corals and a thousand interesting and curious creatures. Those of us who have stood on the sea-shore when the tide was out, have seen that the muddy bottom was formed of pebbles, broken shells, whole shells, perhaps with the animals still in them, sea-urchins, sea-weeds, and a great variety of creatures. Now, in just the same way, on the bottom of this old sea a similar mud formed for no man can tell how many years, until at last, owing to the great heat and pressure upon the layers far down, it

became solid rock and crystallized, forming marble — white and blue, veined and mottled marble, such as was used to build the Capitol at Washington, and is being used the world over every day.

In this way, beds of marble were formed all along western Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut; and when the earth's crust became folded up in great wrinkles and the ocean disappeared, soil spread rapidly over these beds, and trees and shrubs grew upon it. There for whole ages it lay in the ground until the earth was no longer young but was old; until after countless years man was created; until after hundreds and thousands of years of living in caves, tents, or houses built of mud, men in America began to build houses of wood, brick, and stone; and these beds were undiscovered even until more than three hundred years after America was discovered by Columbus; then marble was needed and men began to quarry it as will be described.

At the Vermont quarries, shown in the first picture, the marble lies in the hillside in the form of layers or beds, of from one to several feet in thickness, some of the beds being pure white,

while others are gray, bluish, or greenish in color and often beautifully mottled or veined. These layers are not all equally good marble, nor do they lie horizontally one on top the other. They are steeply inclined like a great pile of planks that have fallen over endwise, the upper ends forming what is now the natural surface of the ground.

The workmen select places where several of the best layers are lying together, and begin quarrying out the stone, following the beds deeper and deeper into the ground until at last the quarries come to be great artificial caves, like this one. Some of these quarries are nearly two hundred feet deep, and are partly roofed over to keep out rain and snow. On even the hottest and driest days it is always cool and damp down at the bottom of the quarry. Indeed, the water is so plentiful that steam pumps are kept at work night and day to pump out the water which trickles slowly through crevices in the rocks. Some old, abandoned quarries become great wells quite full of water; and from them no more stone can be taken until they have been pumped dry again.

Down in the quarries the men are at work with steam drills, cutting out the stone in huge blocks. These are drawn to the surface by means of steam derricks and wire cables. They are then put on railroad cars and shipped away immediately, or they may be first taken to the shops near by (shown in the other picture) where they are sawed into thin slabs for floors, mantels, grave-stones, and so on, or turned on lathes into beautiful columns, or cut into square blocks for building houses, or perhaps sent to some sculptor to be carved into the statues he has modeled. But only the finest and whitest

marble can be used for statues, and nearly all of it is brought from celebrated quarries in Italy.

Even now we sometimes find fossil shells or corals imbedded in the solid rock, and we know they could have come there only when the stone was soft and mud-like. In the black marble tiles forming the floors of the National Museum at



A VERMONT MARBLE QUARRY.

Washington may occasionally be seen white spiral outlines of some of these shell-fish, now dead these millions of years; and perhaps many of you have walked over them without reflecting that the firm rock they stood upon was once soft mud in the depths of an ocean.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts cannot conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

A COURTEOUS correspondent criticizes a statement made in "The Land of Pluck," in the May ST. NICHOLAS, concerning the so-called "Hook and Codfish War." But the author did not intend to convey the idea that the war was due exclusively to the incident described. According to some historians that trivial dispute was the spark that fired the already combustible material, though the war between classes was inevitable with or without that episode.

Still, another and probably better explanation of the terms *Hook* and *Kabbeljaanw* is given in the interesting letter of our kindly critic, Mr. Adrian Van Helden, "a Hollander by birth and education," who says:

"Modern historians are of opinion that the diagonal squares of blue and silver, resembling fish-scales, which constituted the livery worn by" the adherents of Count William (who led the cities and middle classes in their struggle for greater liberty and influence against the nobility) caused that party to be known as Codfishes; while, "in retaliation, the nobles were called Hooks, because they tried to entrap and catch those clever fishes."

READERS of Saleh Bin Osman's quaint account of his life, and of Mr. E. J. Glave's interesting article concerning him, will be glad to see this letter from a Brooklyn girl, telling how she met Saleh after one of Mr. Stanley's lectures:

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not the least remarkable of the party accompanying Mr. Stanley is his faithful young Zanzibari attendant, Saleh Bin Osman. Through the African forests with his leader, a helper and a comrade in the darkest days of the long march to Emin Pasha, faithful and honorable was Saleh to his chief. And now he has joined his fate with that of his master, and is as loyal as in the dreariest hours of the long march.

The world is small after all. Not many months have passed since we heard that Stanley was fighting his way through the dark African swamp; then we learned of his rescue of Emin Pasha, and safe arrival at Zanzibar; and now in our city we have seen Mr. Stanley and heard the great explorer's own description of his journey.

After the lecture, having expressed to our friend Mr. Glave, a wish to talk with Saleh, we went toward the green-room, where Saleh was waiting. Upon hearing his name called, the boy came quickly forward. After a few words with Mr. Glave in an African language, Saleh smiled pleasantly at me and was presented. Saleh was in ordinary dress, except that he wore the Oriental fez. He speaks English fairly well. I handed him a flower from my bouquet, and the gift was courteously acknowledged. He looked at me for an instant, and turning to Mr. Glave spoke again in his native tongue. Afterward I learned that he said he was not accustomed to such consideration from Americans. Saleh says that he receives a great deal more respect in London than in New York.

Bright as a button is the African lad; he converses readily, and his expressions are clear and often humor-

ous. He has since then visited our house several times with Mr. Glave.

Saleh is always neat and most particular as to his dress. The glistening collar and cuffs are never blemished; his straight, rather chunky figure is usually clad neatly in black, while the red fez rests upon his dark head. He has made rapid progress in his English education, both in conversation and in writing. Sometimes in the midst of some exciting narrative he will suddenly stop, gaze with piercing eyes at the ceiling, muttering the while, "Oh, what you call that word?" But somehow or other he is sure to find the missing term, and once more plunges forward. Loyalty, honor, and generosity dwell within his boyish heart, and he advances rapidly under careful teaching.

We greatly respect the faithful young Zanzibari, and wish him happiness and prosperity. NETTIE S—.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell your readers something about the United States Fish Commission, here in Washington. The object of the commission is to stock with fish the various rivers of the country, and to make scientific inquiry as to the habits, etc., and ascertain where the best fishing grounds are. Every spring the commission raise small shad at the building here in Washington. As is known by most of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, the shad, like other fish, only spawns — i. e., lays its eggs — once a year, in its season, which is between the months of April and July. It is at this time that the commission secures the eggs. There is a station on the Potomac River about ten miles south of Washington, where the shad are caught in large nets and the eggs are extracted from the fish. The eggs are now sent to the main station in Washington in "egg crates," which are made especially for them. Upon arriving at Washington they are put into hatching-jars. Water is kept running through these jars by a pump. The jars are all connected with each other by pipes. The eggs, being comparatively heavy, sink to the bottom of the jars and thus escape running out at the pipe openings. All that is needed to hatch the eggs is the constant flow of water. The time of hatching is from three to four days. When the eggs hatch, the shad is only a half-inch long. They are then put in cans and sent by express to various parts of the country to be put in rivers and thus stock them. Your devoted reader, HENRY R—.

CARTHAGE, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eleven years old and my brother is twelve. We live on a farm and have very nice times together. There have been several strange events here where we live. I'll relate one. It was but a few days before Thanksgiving, therefore it was turkey-catching time. One evening all the men but papa were out catching them, — he was sitting with mama at the supper-table. A turkey, in wild fear for his life, seeing their light, flew for it, and actually went right through a pane of glass and alighted in a platter in front of papa, who carried him out. He came with such force that he scattered glass for thirty feet. Your interested reader, M. B. K—.

CANTERBURY ROAD, OXFORD, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little American girl. I am seven years old. We have been staying in Oxford for several months. Some of the greatest colleges in the world are here. Christ Church is the largest college; the gentleman that wrote "Alice in Wonderland" is there. I have been to Wadham College kitchen; we saw there an old-fashioned spit with a big joint of mutton roasting on it; the draught in the chimney turns a fan, which turns a chain, which turns the spit. At the side of the great chimney there is a little recess where they used in olden times to tie a dog who turned the spit. One day we went to the top of the Radcliffe Library, where we saw the spires, steeples, and towers; it was very beautiful, for my mama tells me that except in old Rome there are not so many beautiful buildings in any city as in Oxford. One of the towers of Christ Church is called "Tom Tower," and in the top hangs "Old Tom." It is a very large bell, that even mama cannot reach around with her arms; it strikes one hundred and one times at nine o'clock in the evening, and then every student must be in his own college. The students have to wear the cap and gown.

We saw some boat races called the Torpids; they are so called because of their slowness compared with the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. The coaches are men that run along on the river side and tell the men in the boats how to row. But the coach of the 'Varsity crew rides on a horse to keep up with them, because they go so quickly. I am your admiring little reader,

JANEY W—.

CHICAGO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my trip south with my grandmother. I had been kept in the house all winter with the whooping-cough, and she thought going away to a warm climate, where I could be out of doors, would do me good.

I went first to St. Augustine, where we stayed three weeks and had a very nice time. We went to the Hotel San Marco and had a beautiful view of the ocean from our windows. We went to walk one day over to the old fort, Fort Marion. We saw the moat and the drawbridge, and the dungeon where they used to keep the prisoners. This is an old Spanish fort and is not used now. The Spaniards called it Fort San Marco, but when the Americans took it they changed the name to Fort Marion.

I saw a great many oranges growing on the trees, and the gray moss looked very strange; it looked like tangled silk hanging on the limbs of the trees.

There was a little girl who used to come every evening to the hotel with a basket of orange blossoms, and roses, and violets to sell, and I used to go very often to play in a lovely garden which belonged to a friend of my grandmother's. She let me play in the garden and pick the flowers just as I wanted to, lovely roses and violets.

A very handsome hotel is the Ponce de Leon, named after the man who was always searching for the Fountain of Youth.

On our way north we stayed one night and a day in Savannah, and one day in Augusta, then two or three days in Nashville, and one day in Cincinnati, and then home. From your little reader,

KATHARINE LAY MCC—.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Californian girl; I have always lived here and have never been out of the State. We live a mile and a half from town on a vineyard called "La Ladera." The house is on a hill and the view of the mountains and of the town is beautiful; travelers often come up to see it. From the town running northwest

the ocean are seven tall peaks. The first is the San Luis Mountain, the second Bishop's Peak, and the last is a huge rock standing in the bay and called Morro Rock.

We have three dogs. The largest and handsomest is called Tito; he is black with a white collar and tail. The next is Topsy; she is a very bright one. The smallest is Mr. Boffin. They are very fond of going to walk up the mountain.

I have taken you for six years and think you the best magazine printed.

I am your constant reader, ALICE V. B. H—.

KEY TO THE MUSICAL PUZZLE STORY PRINTED IN THE
JULY ST. NICHOLAS.

Ed Brace was such a strange little boy, that until he reached the *age* of one *decade* his friends all feared that he never would *turn out a sharp* man. His head was full of *crotchets*, and among them was one very *bad* one, viz.: a determination not to learn his *a, b, c*. He would run away to catch *dace* in the brook, and pretend to be *deaf* when they called him to learn his lessons. His father said, "*Ed* is either a *natural* or a *flat*"; I have little hope of him, as he shows no *signs* of intelligence." One day Farmer *Brace* called his son, and said, "I want a *measure* of corn from the mill. Here is a *note* to the miller. When he learns the *tenor* of it, he will give you the corn without any *fee*, as I cannot trust you with the money. Put the corn in this *bag*, tie it with this *cord*, and hold it tight." *Ed* set off, but when he had gone about an *eighth* of the way, he saw old *Abe*, a superannuated *cab* horse, grazing in a field near by. The boy climbed the *bars* with *ease*, and began to *feed* old *Abe* with apples; then mounting on his back he began to beat him with a *staff* which he carried in his hand. The horse started on a quick *run* across the field, and the boy was several times within an *ace* of falling off, when suddenly *Abe* pitched him over his head into a *bee's* nest. A *bee* stung him in the face, which began to *swell* rapidly. His cries rose in a wailing *crescendo* until they reached their loudest *fortissimo*. Farmer *Gaff*, who was plowing in a neighboring field, calling "*gee*" to his oxen, and trying to make them take an *accelerando* gait in place of their usual *rallentando* movement, now came to the *bars* and said to the boy, "I thought you were dead until I heard you scream. What are you doing in this *quarter*?"

"Father *bade* me go to the mill," he replied, "but I wanted to *run* away, cross the *high seas*, scale lofty mountains, and *treble* my fortune!"

"You must be off your *base*," replied the farmer. "Go home and let your mother put you to *bed*."

The boy's cries, having passed through all stages of *diminuendo* and *piano*, now reached their *finale*. "Yes, I will," replied *Ed*. "I am *fagged* out, but I *shake* and *quaver* somewhat at the prospect of my punishment. Perhaps father will *tie* me up, and *gag* me, but the result of this adventure will last the *rest* of my life; it will never *fade* from my memory, and I am sure I shall not wish to *repeat* it."

"That's right, sonny," answered the farmer. "*Be sharp, be natural*, but don't be *flat*!"

BERLIN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Jack and I thought perhaps your readers might like to hear about Von Moltke's funeral from some one who had seen it, as we did yesterday.

General von Moltke died very suddenly, after a busy day, for, although he was ninety-one years old, he had been to two public meetings and entertained friends at dinner in the evening of the day he died.

The American flag was the first one to be put at half-

mast; all the German flags, as well as those of all other nations, were half-masted in his honor the next day throughout Berlin.

The Emperor was away from the city on a visit, but was telegraphed for, and returned immediately.

Although Von Moltke was a great general and a very celebrated man, he lived very quietly; but it was decided after his death to bury him with all the honors of a king.

The night he died a number of the commanding generals watched over his body, and the three days before he was buried there was a military guard stationed in the room where the body lay.

The room and the house itself were filled with flowers brought by friends and fellow-officers.

All who wished to do so were allowed to see his body.

We stood waiting in the crowd and scorching sun two whole hours before the funeral, but the military display and the whole pageant were well worth the trouble.

First came the "*Garde du Corps*," all in white, on horseback (the Emperor's bodyguard), then more cavalry, the Red, White, and Black Hussars, the Potsdam Regiment (soldiers of the old Emperor), then the hearse, which was the one used for the old Emperor and for his son.

The hearse was drawn by six horses draped in black; it was open, and on a high mass of flowers was the coffin, over which hung two long garlands of flowers.

On each side of the hearse walked three officers (pall-bearers) carrying large wreaths, and beside these the members of his household; behind came six or eight priests, and then the Emperor on foot, with the King of Saxony, both in full uniform.

Then followed crowds of officers, all walking, and the procession came to an end with students in their university garb and state officials in civilians' clothes.

Von Moltke was buried by the side of his wife (who died twenty-three years ago), on his own estate at Kreitsau, about four hours' ride from Berlin.

The Emperor and King followed him to the grave.

I saw Von Moltke about a month ago out driving. He had a kind face, but looked his age.

I forgot to mention that Bismarck sent a beautiful wreath, but was not at the funeral, although a warm personal friend.

Your constant readers, E. and J. B.—

CHICAGO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you might like to hear about a fresh-water crab or crawfish.

At this time of the year the crabs dig holes and back into them, so it was hard for me to get one. But at last I got one and put it in a dish of water.

It was rather stupid, and so I did n't cover it.

In the middle of the night mama heard it fall out of the dish and go crawling around on the floor.

In the morning before I got dressed we tried to find the crab, but we could n't find it anywhere. So I started to put on my shoe and I could n't get my foot in the toe. I thought the lining was rumpled, and so I put my hand in, and there was the crab as surprised as I was.

I suppose he thought he had found a hole ready made.

Yours truly, ADAH W.—

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to hear a little of my journey to Alaska last summer? We took a large steamer at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, called the "Queen." We had a fine large stateroom with three

berths and a sofa in it, and we sailed about three thousand miles in the most comfortable manner. We touched at several curious Indian villages, where we saw the Indian women making silver bracelets and rings. They were sitting on the ground and wore bright-colored blankets over their heads. They also weave very curious baskets made from the bark of a tree.

We saw a boarding-school at Sitka, where the large boys played for us on the brass band. Then we saw a large frozen river named the Muir Glacier. The color of it is a beautiful bright blue, and every few minutes great pieces of ice fall off with a sound like thunder.

We took all the ice for the use of the steamer from the glacier. While our steamer was waiting at the glacier, Indians came up to us in little canoes or dugouts, with baskets and skins to sell. There was one little boy dressed in an entire suit of white underclothes. He looked very cold, and we saw that his teeth chattered, and we wished very much that some one would put a blanket over him, which his mother finally did.

We sailed past beautiful snow-covered mountains, and after touching at Juneau, Sitka, and Fort Wrangel, we sailed back to Victoria. We had a very interesting trip. I hope that many others will be fortunate enough to take the same journey.

I am your little friend,
LILY M.—

MORGANFIELD, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are five little boys and ten little girls who have just begun reading you. Our teacher introduced you to us, for she loved and read you when she was little. We have read "Elfie's Visit to Cloudland," "David and Goliath," and we have read all the letters in the Letter-box, but have seen none from Kentucky. We Kentuckians are very proud of our beautiful ladies, fine horses, and the greatest natural wonder in the world, the Mammoth Cave, but not so proud of the state's great distilleries!

We are known as Miss Mame's Room, and our names are:

ANNA MAY C.	STELLA R.
EDNA L.	MAMIE TATE C.
BERRY C.	J. Y. C.
ADDIE BECK W.	BETTIE C.
MARY C.	CAMILLE B.
WILLIS B.	SALLIE F.
ROBERT R.	CASWELL MCE.

BLANTON A.

AFTER the July number of ST. NICHOLAS was on the press, correct answers to the "What Is It?" question printed in the Jack-in-the-Pulpit department of the ST. NICHOLAS for April, were received from Caroline B. S., Margie F., Hortense H.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Aubrey G., Blanche and Posy, Elsa and Gretchen Van H., Georgie H. and Marie T., N. J. S., Willie K., M. K., Waddell K., F. K. Travers W., Charlotte and Jeanette, Florence H. H., Harry A., Aubrey H. W., Bertha C., F. A. D., Ethel Leslie, Mamie L. S., Edith, Maud and May, "Perseus," William J. H., Edward A., David R., Jr., Jeannie F., Elsie P., Joseph J., John McV. H., Florence W., Ethel R., May V., Edith B., Kittie B., Edythe P. R., Frances M., A. D. D., Nellie H. McC., Clare H., H. W. T., Walter S.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. B. 2. Ale. 3. Adore. 4. Blomary. 5. Erase. 6. Ere. 7. Y.

STAR PUZZLE. From 11 to 10, Danton; 2 to 11, Arnold; 2 to 12, Adrian; 4 to 12, Hudson; 4 to 13, Handel; 13 to 6, Lytton; 6 to 14, Napier; 8 to 14, Taylor (Bayard); 8 to 15, Titian; 15 to 10, Newton. From 1 to 10, Washington.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Bunker Hill. Cross-words: 1. roBin. 2. yoUng. 3. baNks. 4. liKen. 5. drEss. 6. caRol. 7. asHes. 8. quiet. 9. hoLly. 10. hiLly.

NOVEL WORD-SQUARE. 1. GHast. 2. Haste. 3. Aster. 4. Stern. 5. Terns.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Independence Day.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. Tables. 2. Siesta. 3. Natant. 4. Forger. 5. Pellet. 6. Seldom.

WORD-BUILDING. 1. I. 2. Io. 3. Ino. 4. Iron. 5. Groin. 6. Trigon. 7. Rioting. 8. Rationing. 9. Migration. 10. Emigration. 11. Germination.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from Paul Reese—Mama and Jamie—"Infantry"—"The McG's"—Blanche and Fred—Rebecca M. Huntington—E. M. G.—"Hawkeye"—Josephine Sherwood—"The Wise Five"—Sara L. R.—Nellie L. Hawes—Uncle Mung—Ida Carleton Thallon.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER were received, before May 15th, from G. I. Shirley, 1—"Sister," 2—Elaine S., 3—Clara B. Orwig, 7—Pearl F. Stevens, 6—Effie K. Talboys, 4—"Fox," 3—Mama and Marion, 4—Mary, Agnes, Julia, and Ella, 1—"May and 79," 7—Estelle, Clarendon, and C. Ions, 1—Grace C. Sargent, 1—"Charles Beaufort," 10—No name, New York, 1—Freddie Sutor, 4—"King Anso IV," 7—Cecile K. Thacher, 3—W. W. L., 1—"Rychie de Rooster," 7—Alice M. Blanke and sister, 9—Jo and I, 10—Mama, Olive, and Kate, 4—"The Nutshell," 9—Elizabeth Moore, a.



WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A TRACT of soft, wet ground. 2. The East. 3. One who rids. 4. A Roman magistrate. 5. Parts of fishing-lines. 6. Urgency.

II. 1. A large flat fish. 2. A person who lends money at an exorbitant rate of interest. 3. A famous Italian tenor. 4. An inhabitant of a certain country. 5. A daughter of the river-god Cebren, and wife of Paris. 6. Trigrams. ELDRED JUNGERIC.

DROPPED LETTERS.

INSERT letters in place of the stars, in each of the nine following sentences. When all the words are rightly completed, select from each of the sentences a word of five letters. When these nine words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the central letters, reading downward, will spell a name given to the first day of August.

1. S*o*t f*l*y a* i* f*i's.
2. S*a*e t*e r*d a*d s*o*l t'e c*i*d.
3. D*a'h c*m*s w*t*o*t c*l*i'g.
4. H*m*n b*o*d i* o* o'e c*l'r.
5. I* i* v*t* h*r t* s*a'e a* e'g.
6. H*s'e m*k's w*s'e.
7. L*i'g r*d's o* d*b's b*c'.
8. D*p'n'e*c* i* a p'o* t'a'e.
9. O*t o* p*c'e* i* o*t o* s*y'e.

"MR. FEZZIWIG."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY initials name a humorist, and my finals the hero of one of his books.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To ascend. 2. A prefix to many words, implying imperfection. 3. A domain. 4. De-

SOME GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONS.

1. Turkey. 2. Cork. 3. Jersey. 4. Oil. 5. Orange. 6. Cologne. 7. Leghorn. 8. Cod. 9. Bristol. 10. Snake. 11. Seble. 12. Ulster. 13. Bismarck. 14. Shanghai. 15. Hamburg and Astrakhan. 16. Atlas. 17. Darling. 18. Mosquito.

The sun hangs calm at summer's poise;
The earth lies basking in shimmering noon,
At rest from all her cheerful noise,
With heartstrings silently in tune.
The time, how beautiful and dear,
When early fruits begin to blush,
And the full leafage of the year
Sways o'er them with a sheltering hush.

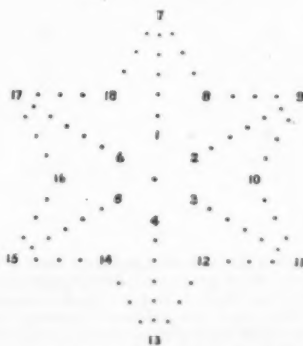
PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Banda. Cross-words: 1. Bonito. 2. Anthem. 3. Nickel. 4. Defile. 5. Anubis.

HIDDEN DIAMONDS. I. From 1 to 12, George Cuvier. Cross-words: 1. Gorgons. 2. Parsees. 3. Belabor. 4. Inciter. 5. Average. 6. Stupefy. 7. Bacchus. II. From 1 to 12, Thomas Edison. Cross-words: 1. Neptune. 2. Panther. 3. Horizon. 4. Stadium. 5. Bifilar. 6. Madison. 7. Euterpe.

prives of life. 5. A bone of the leg. 6. A woman whose husband is dead. 7. To make use of. 8. A feminine name. 9. The point opposite the zenith.

"MAY BELLE."

STAR PUZZLE.



FROM 7 to 8, a recess; from 8 to 9, a treatise; from 9 to 10, a pleasure-boat; from 10 to 11, insnares; from 11 to 12, to declare upon oath; from 12 to 13, to send back; from 13 to 14, to mark; from 14 to 15, a support for a picture; from 15 to 16, a person afflicted with a certain disease; from 16 to 17, furious; from 17 to 18, to delay; from 18 to 7, a fortification; from 7 to 1, the goddess of retribution; from 2 to 9, an ancient science which aimed to transmute metals into gold; from 3 to 11, gardening implements; from 4 to 13, erect; from 15 to 5, a yellowish varnish; from 17 to 6, to perceive; from 1 to 6, the father of Jupiter. "TIDDLEDY-WINKS."

DIAMOND.

1. IN ants. 2. Skill. 3. Odd. 4. The twin sister of Apollo. 5. Fearful. 6. A famous epic poem. 7. In ants.

A. P. C. ASHHURST.

PL

HET stercal pipopes sculter yb eht doar,
HET segewnip shystec safhl ni eht langlif sargs,
Dan binglemur gasnow, hitw thire hevay doal,
Lango het study wahshigy, nigengril, saps
Ni sarveth mite.

Ho, ontubeous soneas, chir thruhog veery rouh
Ni stigf hatt keam rou slous hwit yoj a-nute;
Hte flutifur thare si shavil fo reh derow,
Romf gromsinn shulf lilt wogls het welloy mono,
Ni vasreth emit.

HALF-SQUARE.

1. AN aquatic, wading bird. 2. A combination. 3. Uproar. 4. Hazard. 5. A printer's measure. 6. In wading.

POLLY W.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC.

THE words described are of unequal length, but when rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the third row of letters will spell a name for Philomel.

1. The capital of Siam. 2. A city in Connecticut. 3. A famous island. 4. A seaport of Brazil. 5. A city on the Arkansas river. 6. A populous country of Asia. 7. A mountain-chain in China. 8. A country of Asia. 9. An inland sea. 10. A desert of South Africa. 11. A large bay of South Australia.

LAURA J. AND SADIE B.

MYTHOLOGICAL CUBE.

I

2		3
4	5	6
	7	

FROM 1 to 2, the wife of Amphin; from 2 to 4, one of the Muses; from 4 to 7, a handsome giant and hunter, son of Hyrieus; from 1 to 3, a nymph of streams and springs; from 3 to 6, the goddess of hunting; from 6 to 7, a certain Greek bard who is often represented as riding on the back of a dolphin; from 2 to 5, a son of Pano-

peus; from 3 to 5, a famous island in the Ægean Sea; from 5 to 7, a sea-nymph.

CYRIL DEANE.

BEHEADINGS.

I. 1. BEHEAD a trace, and leave a place of refuge. 2. Behead unreal, and leave to divide. 3. Behead a cord, and leave a tree. 4. Behead a knot, and leave a geometrical figure. 5. Behead a fruit, and leave to rove at large. 6. Behead nothing, and leave something.

The beheaded letters spell the name of a poet.

II. 1. Behead a charioteer, and leave a pleasant feature in a landscape. 2. Behead to raise, and leave part of the head. 3. Behead to desire, and leave to acquire by labor. 4. Behead a famous explorer, and leave a farming implement. 5. Behead an incident, and leave to utter. 6. Behead nothing, and leave should.

The beheaded letters spell the name of a poet.

L. AND E.

A CHARADE.

My *first*, a word most near to every heart;
My *next*, a very large and heavy cart;
My *last*, an implement that makes a bed;
My *whole*, a story widely loved and read.

MIRIAM W. G. (TEN YEARS OLD.)

DOUBLE SQUARES.

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I. ACROSS: 1. A South American quadruped. 2. Informed. 3. An idolater. 4. Incensed. 5. To rejuvenate. INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. Strife. 2. A Turkish commander. 3. A quadruped.

II. ACROSS: 1. Treatment. 2. Rest. 3. One of the Harpies. 4. Very cold. 5. Part of an ode.

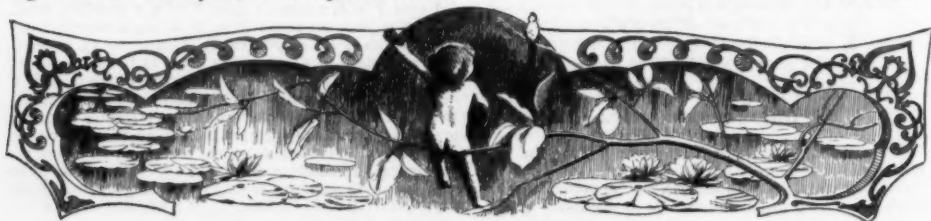
INCLUDED SQUARE: 1. Sediment. 2. A measure of length. 3. A masculine name. "XELIS."

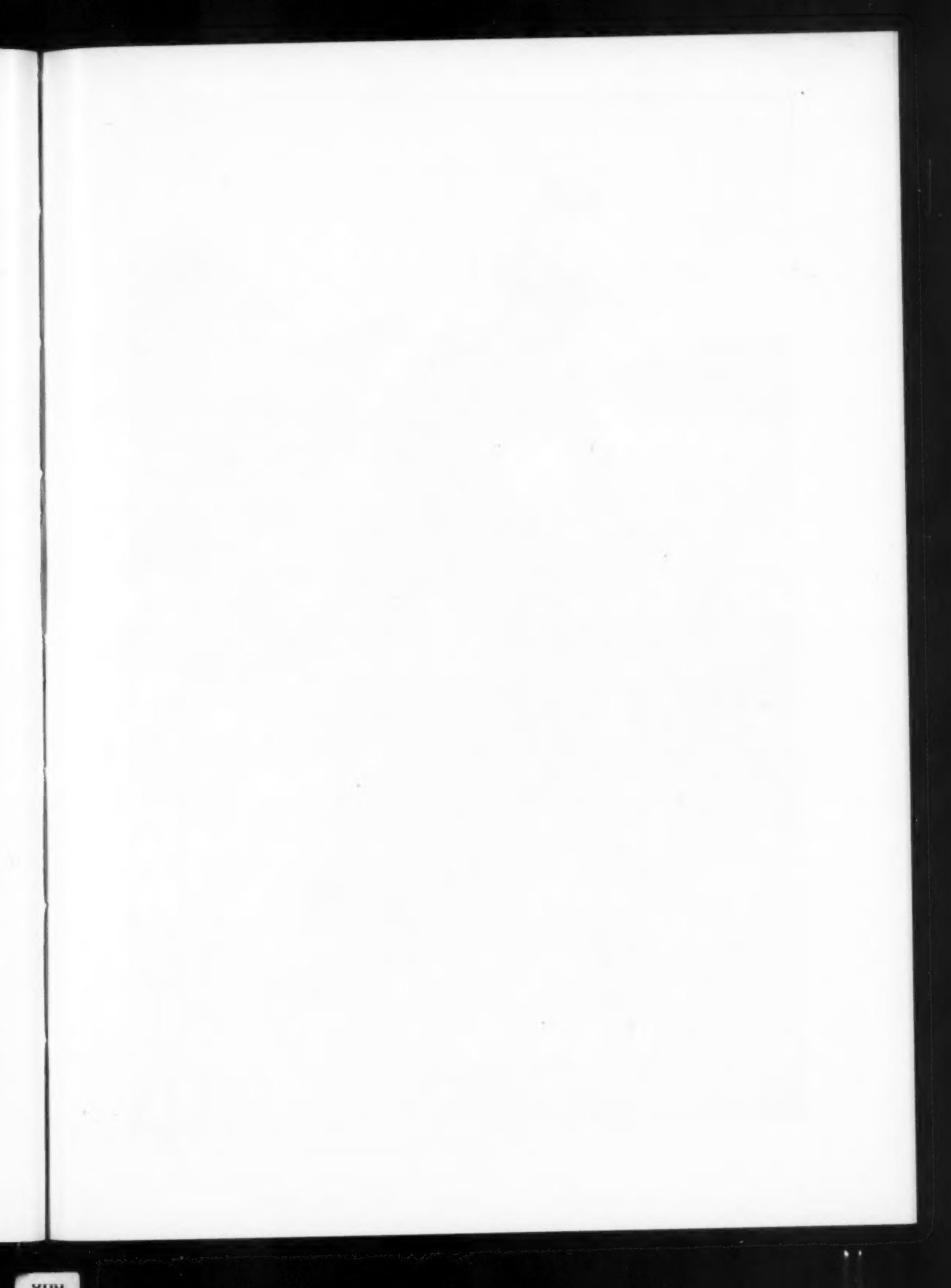
A LITERARY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-two letters, and am a quotation from one of Shakspeare's plays.

My 51-42-21-11-28 is a famous poem. My 62-3-22-57 is a famous German philosopher. My 37-60-44-15-40-9 is the title of a novel by a famous Scotch author. My 23-33-49-38-7-16 is an illustrious German poet. My 2-19-53-47-32 is his most widely read work. My 54-30-22 is a goddess in the Norse mythology. My 46-41-34-48-14-22 is the surname of the author of "Persuasion." My 17-52-35-8 is the name of an English poet and critic. My 26-25-59-45-18-5 is a living American poet. My 13-36-61-50-56-39-58-12-6-24 is an English poet, who, in 1802, married Mary Hutchinson. My 10-4-27-55 is the name signed to many delightful essays. My 43-29-1-31-20 is the subject of a poem by Burns.

A. AND M.







GOLDENROD.